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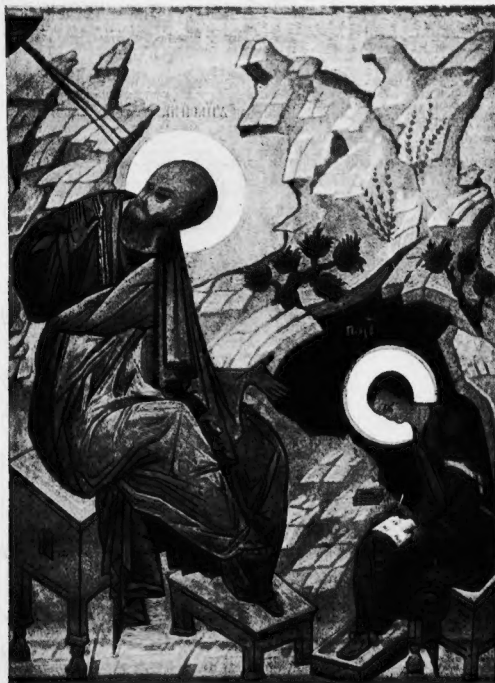
"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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The Death of the Virgin Mary, Showing the Saviour's Mother Passing Away and Being Received in Heaven by the Twelve Apostles. An icon in the Late Fifteenth Century Novgorod Style.



St. John the Evangelist Dictating His Gospel to Prochorus. A Fanciful Pious Picture in the Byzantine Baroque Style of the Sixteenth Century.

Bible Personages As Represented On Russian Icons



The Saviour of the World, With Angels Beside Him. An Artistic, Mystical Conception of the Sixteenth Century.



St. John the Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness. An Impressive Icon in the Severe Novgorod Manner of the Fourteenth Century.



Richly Colored Icon Portrait of the Prophet Elijah, Dating From the Fourteenth Century.

The selections on this page showing Bible personages as represented on the icons, exhibit this form of art at its highest development. A particularly interesting example is the one illustrating the death of the Virgin Mary, the "dormition" or "going to sleep," as it is called by the Church. This is a complex composition, beautifully naive and devout in spirit, depicting several stages of the sacred event. Below is the dying Virgin, surrounded by sorrowing relatives, angels and prophets. Above her is the aureoled figure of the Saviour holding His mother in His arms. In the highest space the Virgin is being taken up to Heaven, with the Twelve Apostles beside her in the clouds.

Another icon, interesting in a different way, is the one of St. John the Baptist in the wilderness. This is described as exemplifying the severe Novgorod manner. The earnest character of the great martyr and forerunner of the Saviour is admirably expressed in this work, in spite of its antique conventional style.

St. John the Evangelist, the other great St. John, is the subject of a remarkable icon. He is painted dictating his gospel to Prochorus. The picture is highly artistic and almost fantastic and is said to belong to "the Byzantine baroque style of the XVIII Century."

THE Russian icon, a picture of a sacred subject used in the decoration of churches, was one of the most interesting forms of old Russian art, a precious creation which is now being lost to the world through the stifling of all religious symbols by the Soviet Government.

Started in the Middle Ages, when Byzantine civilization was spreading in Russia, the art developed for centuries in that vast, semi-barbarous land. The art reached a period of stagnation in modern times, and now the Bolshevik revolution has annihilated it. Professor N. P. Kondakov, of the Kondakov Seminarium at Prague in Czechoslovakia, an institution founded after the war for the preservation of old Russian art and learning, devoted his life to studying and collecting reproductions of ancient icons. Sixty-five of the finest icons have been published by the Seminarium in superb colored reproductions.

The portrait of the Prophet Elijah belongs to the Novgorod school of the early Fourteenth Century, or about six hundred years ago. The warm coloring is noteworthy and Professor Kondakov says that it typifies a color scale derived from Egypt, while the drawing has a Greco-Oriental basis.

Queer Paintings in an Ancient City of the Dead

FOR the past five years the spades of scientists have been digging the desert sand away from the ruins of the ancient Egyptian metropolis of Khmun, which flourished some 375 miles below Alexandria and the Mediterranean 2000 years ago and more. This old city, which has yielded priceless treasures and information which throws much new light on the mores and manners of the Egyptians, also was called Hieropolis by the considerable number of Greek colonists who found their way there.

The city originally was dedicated by the Egyptians to Thoth, the god of Wisdom and the patron of the scribes. When the Greeks moved in they saw the similarity of Thoth to their own god Hermes and that's why they came to call the place Hieropolis.

During the past five years, archaeologists working under the direction of Dr. Sami Gabra of the Egyptian University, have uncovered streets, squares, colonnades, temples and tombs. For the past year most of the digging has been done in the western part of the old metropolis which, apparently, was a city of the dead.

The curious scientists are, at the moment, most excited about a small building made of mud brick and coated with stucco imitating oblong shaped stones. This building and the paintings found on the walls of two of its rooms are a curious and enlightening mixture of Greek and Egyptian culture. In shape, the structure is typically Egyptian but it has a Greek doorway with flat columns on either side.

The wall paintings reveal the same strange combination of Greek and Egyptian influences. One of the pictures on this page is a reproduction of one of the ancient works of art showing a dead woman of Hieropolis dressed in the typically Egyptian manner. She is accompanied by her spirit—which the Egyptians called the "ka." Close by this painting is another of the same woman. In this picture, though she is still followed by her spirit, her dress is distinctly Greek, a much more elegant and becoming outfit than the starkly simple Egyptian ensemble. The artist who painted this picture depicted the deceased in a bright red tunic with half-length sleeves which are ornamented with bands of dark green ribbon. The skirt of the dress is almost green.

Time has destroyed much of the



A Fresco Depicting the Embalming and Presentation of a Mummy to Osiris, God and King of the West.



Another Fresco Showing a Painting on a House Wall, Which Represents a Deceased Woman Dressed in an Ancient Greek Costume.

wall painting showing the one-time belle of Hieropolis in her Egyptian

grave clothes. The other interpretation of her spiritual journey is much



A Dead Woman Is Shown in This Fresco Attired in an Egyptian Costume, and Followed by Her Shadow in Skeleton. This Is a Mourning Picture of 2,000 Years Ago.

more complete and shows her being anointed by the Egyptian gods Thoth and Horus.

The long panel at the top of the

page shows another wall painting which was found in the temple-tomb in the city of the dead. This represents the process of embalming and the presentation of the mummy to the great god Osiris. In the actual details of the picture there is little to suggest the influence of the Greek colonists on the people of Hieropolis.

Unfortunately for the men of science who have been unearthing the ancient desert metropolis and its adjacent

city in the valley of the Nile. She was buried in a tomb at the bottom of a stone shaft nearly 40 feet below the floor of the structure but the mummy and its case were missing.

Several pieces of statuary which the vandals left were found, however, and one of them—shown above—adds to the knowledge of the curious hybrid culture of Hieropolis. This is a figure of the Egyptian deity Horus which the Greeks, living in the valley of the Nile, adopted and renamed Harpocrates. In Egyptian mythology the child Horus was one form of Horus, the Sun God and son of Osiris and Isis. He was represented in sculpture with a youthful curl at one side of his head and one finger pointing to his mouth, as a familiar gesture of innocent childhood.

The Greek colonists who found their way so far into the Land of the Pharaohs apparently misunderstood the simple meaning of this gesture and made their Harpocrates the god of silence.

house worker until he saw him whisk a dagger from his belt, raise it high in the air and plunge it in the back of a man who pushed through the doors.

The victim fell on his face, kicked convulsively once or twice and died. Ramirez went back to his buddies and was shaking for another drink when the police came in and arrested him. The murderer did not resist and did not seem to realize what he had done. He still thinks "murder" is a good game, but he's sorry now that the drinks—and the blood of an innocent man—were on him.

Frances Living Unknown Soldier

PARIS. EVERYONE in France knows about a soldier who, for the past 17 years, has been the ward of the government in a hospital for the mentally unbalanced. This pothole in the usual sense of the word. He just can't remember what his name is, where he came from or who his people are. He hasn't remembered any of those things since the Winter of 1918 when a German shell exploded a few feet from him. He is known as Frances's living Unknown Soldier.

Just as thousands of families believe that the Unknown Soldier buried beneath the Arc de Triomphe is their son, so other thousands of families have the tragic illusion that this living Unknown Soldier is their boy.

Since 1918 the French Government has investigated thousands of claims and spent many thousands of francs in an effort to turn this pitiful victim of war over to his own relatives. Up to last year the list had been nar-

rowed down to about 20 families and today the War Department believes that one of four of these claims is well founded. It is likely that a special board of experts will be formed to go into these four claims in the minutest details and, on the basis of their findings, turn the Unknown Soldier over to the family which seems to have the best claim to him.

Since the day that the pothole was picked up by stretcher bearers and carried, unconscious, to a base hospital behind the front line, the country's newspapers and magazines have carried hundreds of thousands of words about him. Psychiatrists have tried, in every way they know, to reopen that section of his mind which went dead the instant that shell knocked him to the ground. His features have been measured and compared with thousands of photographs. Numerous blood tests have been made in a vain effort to establish his relationship to people who believe he is their son.

The living Unknown Soldier is as concerned as the Government at finding his people again. Although he is reasonably content with life and has about given up hope that he will find his folks, whoever they may be. He is not crazy, nor an imbecile. He has a better than average mind and takes a keen interest in the Government's efforts to solve the problem of his lost memory. He feels genuinely sorry for some of the fathers and mothers who come to talk with him.

In the past 17 years he has been taken to several hundred towns and villages and into homes in these communities. But never once has he seen any place or any person which looked familiar to him. He remembers everything that happened to him after he woke up in the hospital far behind the scene of battle but, as he himself says, it is as though his mental life began at that moment. He can't remember his boyhood, his enlistment in the army, or his name.

Threw Dice With Loser Doomed as Murderer

MEXICO CITY. FELIX GUTIERREZ RAMIREZ, a slaughter-house employee, sits in a jail on the outskirts of the Mexican capital charged with one of the strangest "crimes without passion" ever committed in the hot-blooded republic below the Rio Grande. Ramirez and five companions, it was brought out at his trial, were seated at a table in a saloon shaking dice for the drinks. The six men were feeling their liquor and one swarthy-faced fellow, drunker than the rest, had an idea to make the dice game more interesting.

He suggested that the winner of the next shake should have an additional privilege, aside from buying the drinks—that he should stand beside the swinging doors and murder the next man that entered.

The boys took to the idea and, in their drunken enthusiasm for excitement, wondered why no one ever had thought of such an amusing game before. Ramirez lost, cheerfully paid for the round of drinks and took up his stand before the door. The bartender, thinking the whole thing was a joke, paid little attention to the slaughter-

The Fast Camera Writes Its Own Verse of Poetry ~ In Motion



It Required a Speed Camera to Register Every Phase of This Dance by Maria Gambarelli for the Movies.

Poetry and Grace, as Well as Poise, Was Photographed in the Next Phase.

Inspiration About to Prompt a Leap Toward the Skies Is Shown Next.

The Leap, but Still Graceful, and Then in Mid-air—

A Sudden Movement and Swing of the Arms, and a Whirl Descending.

Back to Earth, and the Photographic Poem Is Finished.

Carried Away by His Role, He Bumped the Prima Donna

No Don Jose Ever Before Threw Carmen Down in the Second Act of the Grand Opera, but Soprano Onegin Says That's What Tenor Kuppinger Did to Her and She Wants to Be Paid for the Distressing Innovation

The Late Enrico Caruso, Most Famous of Don Joses, Whom Gertrude Farrar Slapped and Hit Too Hard on the Nose With a Rose in "Carmen," and Was Slapped Back for Doing So.

ROME, Aug. 10. EARNEST, talented actors and singers have often become so wrapped up in their roles that they thought themselves avenger or villain and hurt their enemy to the floor or stabbed him.

Madame Sigrid Onegin, the talented Swedish soprano, well known to American audiences, is suffering from such zealous overacting for she alleges that while singing in Bizet's famous grand opera "Carmen" she was thrown down and bumped heavily on the stage by the German tenor, Hans Kuppinger, when the libretto did not call for it. She might have been willing to suffer in the legitimate cause of art, but to endure a bumping unauthorized by the composer and unprecedented in the history of the grand opera was too much.

Madame Onegin has begun suit against Kuppinger for the injuries she alleges he inflicted on her while she was singing the title role of "Carmen" at Mannheim, Germany, on April 11 last. During the second act, she asserts Kuppinger threw her to the floor with one hand on her throat and the other on her shoulder, and knocked her unconscious.

Kuppinger says that Madame Onegin's injuries were just accidental. She says that his unauthorized violence caused her to be taken to the hospital for five days and produced blood clots in her shoulder from which she is still suffering. She claims that she was compelled by him to abandon an American tour scheduled to begin October 18. She is now slowly recovering at her villa at Porte del Marni on the shores of Italy, nursed by her husband, Dr. Fritz Pasold.

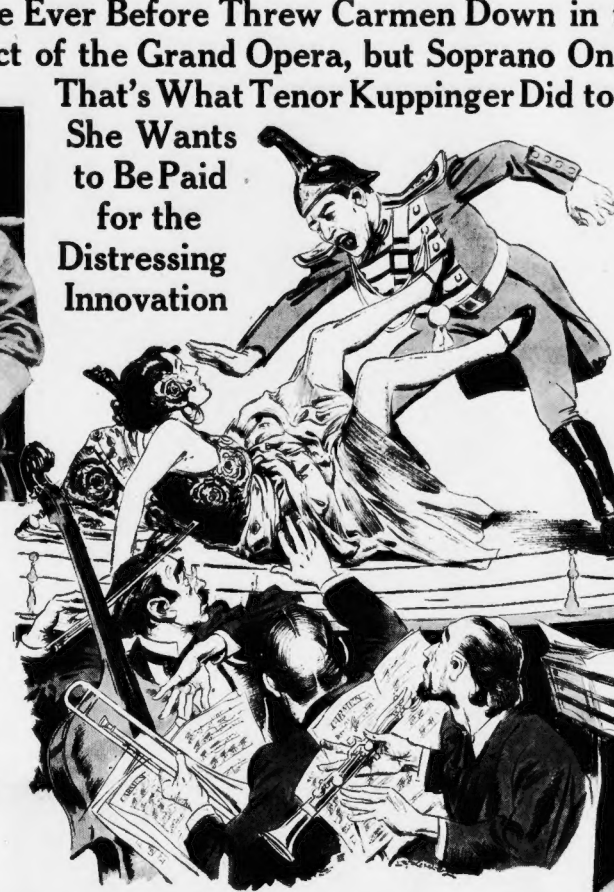
Madame Onegin is a handsome and a very substantial woman, like so many successful grand opera singers. To be thrown to the floor and bumped and no light or trifling matter for her and should not have been done without proper stage directions and proper precautions to avert the violence of the fall. Nor could it have been any anti-Aryan motive for tenor Kuppinger's action. Madame Onegin is a Nordic of the purest type, much more so than the average German.

Now, everybody familiar with "Carmen" knows that in the second act it is not customary to handle the fickle and trying heroine with violence. In that act it is Carmen herself who becomes violent when her soldier lover, Don Jose, hearing the bugle calling for his return to quarters, tells her that he must leave her at once—just when she had sat him on the chair in the cabaret where they met and was going through the most seductive and sense-stirring contortions of which she was capable.

She was performing this dance with the object of alluring the inflammable young soldier so that he would not refuse when later she proposed to him to desert the army and run off with her and her gipsy smuggler companions.

But when Don Jose insists it is his duty to return at the bugle's call he becomes angry, seething, violent, and stings:

"Ah, it was too stupid of me! Too stupid of me! I turned myself inside out to amuse the gentleman! I sang, I danced, mon Dieu! Believe I was actually on the point of falling in love with him! 'Ta-ra-ta-ta'—it's the bugle sounding. 'Ta-ra-ta-ta'—He's going. He must go! Out of here, poor fool! Here, take



Instead of Gently Leading Carmen to a Chair, as All Other Don Joses Had Done, Tenor Kuppinger Seized the Astonished Soprano Onegin by the Throat and Arm, She says, and Bumped Her on the Floor So Violently That She Became Unconscious.

Your hat! There's your sword! Go! Hurry back to the barracks!"

With these melodious words she slings his military equipment across the stage, from the table where he had been sitting. He then kneels down before her in consternation, and then sings:

"It's wrong of you, Carmen, to thus make sport of me! I suffer at the command to go. For never yet have I felt such deep Love for any woman but you."

Carmen, however, dances around, mockingly imitating the sound of the bugle. Don Jose insists that he will force her to listen to him. The approved action here is for the soldier to take firm hold of Carmen's arm and lead her to the chair where he had been sitting. He then kneels down beside her and sings the famous "Flower Aria," in which he relates that all the time he was in the military prison for helping her to escape, he kept the flower she had thrown to him when fighting in the square.

All the great Don Joses from Campanini to Caruso have led Carmen gently but firmly to the chair. But it is alleged that at this point, tenor Kuppinger threw the beautiful and statuesque Madame Onegin—weighing around 200 pounds—violently on the hard floor, as before described.

This would not have been so sudden and unexpected in the third act, at the point where Don Jose's pure little village sweetheart, Michela, ventures into the mountain cave where Don Jose is living with the smugglers. She begs him to return to his mother. Carmen then mocks him, telling him that she had better go and that she is tired of him.

The voice of the tenor is then heard in the distance, recalling that she has another lover. This has been the occasion for some Don Joses to throw Carmen around a bit, but it is not often done. But the place where Carmen must be prepared to be thrown down hard is at the end of the last act where she is about to return to the lover, and Don Jose stabs her to death.

Any Carmen must be ready to go to the floor in this scene and, no doubt,

Madame Onegin was trained to meet her dramatic death on a convenient mat. She is a gentle artist, noted for her rich voice and distinguished to introduce excessive violence into her roles.

Once in the opera is enough, she believes, and so she has much.

Episodes of dramatic violence have marked the history of the stage for generations. Tommaso Salvini, celebrated for his rendering of Othello, was one of the most violent and passionate actors that ever lived. He was a very powerful man physically, and when he played the Moorish soldier, maddened with jealousy, the actress who impersonated Desdemona often went in danger of her life from his fury, and so did the wicked Iago and others. As the scene was laid out by Salvini, Desdemona, enacted by the Italian actress Isolina Piamonti, fled from Othello's rage to the corner of the stage, holding fast to some scenery. Salvini, with fixed and flaming eyes, convulsed with rage, slowly circled the stage towards her like a tiger, muttering savagely and impatiently as she covered herself with her arms.

Rising at last to his full height he pounced upon her, lifted her into the air, dashed across the stage and through the curtains, which fell behind him. One heard a crash as he flung her on the bed and growls as of a wild beast over his prey.

Signora Piamonti was severely injured several times by his violence. But she considered it an honor to suffer at the hands of the mighty Salvini and carried on. Several English and American actresses refused to play with him on account of the danger.

The great Edwin Booth for a time played Iago to Salvini's Othello. The Moor is supposed to wound Iago slightly in the play, but the powerful Italian gave Booth, who was of delicate build, such a jab with his stage dagger that he knocked him out.

Booth's father, Junius Brutus Booth, had a record for stage violence. When playing the part of the sanguinary Richard III he became so excited that he declined to be killed by his enemy Richmond, as required by Shakespeare, and overcame him in a fierce sword combat.

Madame Onegin was trained to meet the victim of violent stage passion. Early in her career she was singing Fedora, which calls for a struggle in which the doubtful heroine is thrown to the ground. The veteran Martinelli was to have done the throwing, but fell ill and his place was taken by Gigli, then a newcomer and very anxious to impress the public with his passion and sincerity. He handled Jeritta gently at the rehearsal but when it came to the critical moment in public his only thought was to give the audience all the force he had as an actor and singer.

He is a muscular man, noted for his ability as a wrestler as well as a singer, and when his turn came to throw Jeritta he did it with all his strength. He threw her, not only to the floor, but far beyond the curtain line out across the metal-covered "apron" and almost over the footlights.

Madame Jeritta suffered a sprained wrist and painfully bruised and scraped limbs and could with difficulty finish her performance. Gigli's acting made a hit with the audience, but critics consider it was overacting. This unfortunate episode was the beginning of a deplorable feud between the two distinguished artists that lasted for years.

One night she took a modest revenge when she kicked his magnificent plumed hat off the center of the stage where he had thoughtlessly left it. But later he is said to have stolen a call intended for her, which caused her to weep and her husband to say that if it occurred again he would send his second to someone.

In another case Jeritta was stabbed while she was rendering "The Girl from the Golden West," and again an excited artist. Madame Onegin is said to have spat at her during a performance of "The Valkyrie."

Madame Gertrude Farrar once astonished the musical world by the violence with which she acted Carmen at the Metropolitan Opera House. She is the daughter of an athlete and knows

how to put punch into opera. In the fight with another cigarette girl, which occurred in the first act, she pounded her fingers and actually bit her.

Then, rising, the great prima donna gave the girl a vicious kick. All the while she sang beautifully as she staggered about the stage, shook her fists, clenched her fingers and defied any other girl to come forward if she wanted some more.



Gertrude Farrar as Carmen.

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In the scene where Carmen has to fling her rose in the face of Don Jose the audience expected Madame Farrar to throw the flower as Madame Calve had done it—gracefully, lightly. What was the surprise of the audience and especially Caruso when instead of lightly tossing the rose, she hit his nose with it with the force of a baseball, and followed this by slapping his face a resounding smack.

The great Caruso, his eyes blazing with rage, gave a vigorous slap back. His face was red from the lovely prima donna's right-hand, and he was so indignant he could scarcely sing.

The climax of violence was reached in the third act when Carmen is supposed to cling to Don Jose as he sings impassioned music. But Madame Farrar did more than cling. She clutched the great one with the golden voice and pressed herself to him painfully. She gripped him so frantically that he lost his breath and could hardly sing. His face turned red and he glared at Madame Farrar in rage. Still he struggled to keep on singing. Madame Farrar

Mrs. Sigrid Onegin as Carmen—the Distinguished Soprano Who Was Bumped.

Mrs. Jeritta, Attractive Grand Opera Soprano, Who Has Several Times Been a Victim of Overacting by Tenors, Baritone, and Even Basses.

Caruso's embraces grew tighter and tighter. Unable to roll out his richest golden tones, the incensed Caruso suddenly seized her loving arms and held her from him in a vice-like grip. She struggled, but he was the stronger.

Finally Caruso, carried beyond himself by the indignities he was suffering, pushed Madame Farrar vigorously and rudely from him, and she fell to the floor with a terrific bump.

But Farrar came back gamely and again took the wind out of the tenor. He finally got his revenge in the last act where he not only made a good pretense of stabbing her, but threw her down hard once more. Afterwards there was some hard feeling between them, and Madame Farrar was persuaded to modify her methods.

There is an old principle that it is the function of the drama to convey truth rather than to enact reality.

Their "Declaration of Trust" A Victory for Matrimony



Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., the San Diego Banker, Whose "Trusty Marriage" With the Movie Actress Has Proved a Success, He Was Photographed Bidding His Wife Good-by as He Started on One of His Business Trips.

HOLLYWOOD has long been the butt of a lot of gibes about matrimony, but the film capital has its happy marriages, one of the happiest of which is based on a novelty in the way of marital agreements. It's a contract drawn up by a liberal-minded husband giving his wife permission to accept the company of other men whenever work keeps the couple apart. Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., San Diego banker, is the big-hearted husband. Minna Gombell is his movie-actress wife, who is given a free hand in the matter of enjoying the company of gentlemen when business keeps Mr. Sefton in San Diego and Miss Gombell's motion picture work calls her to Hollywood.

The couple were married at Yuma, Arizona, on May 19, 1933. Mr. Sefton's business interests made it necessary for him to remain at San Diego. Miss Gombell's picture work required her presence in Hollywood. The newlyweds spent their week-ends and all other available time together.

While on a trip to Hollywood to see his wife, a short time after the wedding, Mr. Sefton was asked by a friend if he could take Miss Gombell to dinner. The genial husband replied, "Yes, it's all right with me, provided it is a good dinner."

The situation gave Mr. Sefton a bright idea and on his return to San Diego he drew up an agreement which stated that by virtue of the confidence he enjoyed in his wife's faith and judgment, "she is hereby permitted to keep company between the hours of 3 p. m. and 1 a. m. with any unmarried male of her choice so long as business keeps her and her husband apart."

The document was solemnly sworn to before a notary public and mailed to the wife in Hollywood.

The arrangement worked so satisfactorily that on the first anniversary of the couple's marriage, Mr. Sefton drew up a new "declaration of trust," which renewed and broadened the provisions of the first contract and removed all restrictions as to the hours Miss Gombell must observe in accepting the attentions of other men.

Minna Gombell, the Wife, Enjoying the Comforts of Her Beach Home in Laguna. She Finds That the "Declaration of Trust" Idea is One of the Best Guarantees of Happy Marriage.



Minna Now Has a Full-time Treaty Which Grants Her the Right to Provide Herself With Male Escorts During Her Husband's Business Absences.

The new declaration read: "Know all men by these presents, that I, J. W. Sefton, Jr., being of sound and disposing mind and not acting under fear, fraud, menace or undue influence of any person or thing, do hereby declare, irrevocably, unconditionally and with no reservations whatsoever, either written or implied, that the year ending this day, May 19, 1934, has been one grand year, due solely, entirely and without the possibility of doubt, to the personality, understanding and affection of one Minna Gombell Sefton."

"All a man has to do," says the broad-minded banker, "is to keep a woman in love with him and she will be loyal and the kind of companion all men dream of discovering. You can't hold a wife by placing limitations on her activities."

A Real Luxury Hotel Where Seventeen Waiters Serve One Table

THE sweltering jungles of Java may be, and are, as wild and uncivilized as any place in the world. But in the cities of this East Indian island there are hotels where the tourist and the trader can live in ultra-civilized surroundings and in greater luxury than any king would demand.

The photograph at the right was taken on the grounds of a Javanese hotel. It was not especially posed, but was taken, without the knowledge of the establishment's manager, from the balcony of the hotel while a guest was eating lunch at a table set on the lawn.

Seventeen waiters—count 'em—all immaculately dressed in white suits are bringing the young woman the first course of the meal, the hors d'oeuvres. In no other country in the world does the hotel guest enjoy such solicitous service.

One by one the waiters approach the table to stand smilingly and respectfully by while the guest looks at the delicacy heaped upon each platter and decides whether to have some, or to pass it up for something later on in the impressive parade.

The traveler experienced in the ways of the East can move the 17 waiters past him and back to the kitchen in a few minutes but the newcomer, unfamiliar with Javanese food, may keep



Seventeen Waiters, Bearing an Equal Number of Dishes Which Make Up the Sumptuous First Course of a Meal in the Javanese Hotel. The Only Difficulty Is, Each of the Dishes Has Rice in One Form or Another for Its Basis.

the fellow at the end of the column standing in the tropic sun as long as 15 to 20 minutes. It is a rule, in Java, as elsewhere, that "the guest is always right" and none of the squad of waiters would think of registering impatience, no matter how slow the diner is about choosing his food. If the manager, or the chef should catch one of the waiters so much as lifting an eyebrow in complaint he would be fired and perhaps, flogged in the bargain.

The principal crops grown in Java are rice, corn and cassava (tapioca), sweet potatoes and soy beans, sugarcane and coffee. Every one of the 17 delicacies borne by the waiters has rice for a basis, but, in some cases, the vegetable is so cleverly disguised that the traveler does not know that he is eating rice. The waiters, when their work is done, get their rice straight and serve themselves out of a big pot.

People staying at a Javanese hotel for the first time, and without the benefit of advice from someone who knows the customs of the island, frequently make the mistake of helping themselves too generously from the 17 platters. By the time they are through with the first course, they have little room left for the even more appetizing dishes that follow. It is wise to accept only half a dozen or so of the amazing variety of hors d'oeuvres and to take only a forkful of each one.

Bicycling in the Sky, A Masterpiece of Balance



The Late Paper Jack, One of the Famous Characters of England, Who Recently Died From Injuries Received When He Was Knocked Down by a Car. For Years His Clothes Consisted Exclusively of Paper.

THE average person would get the jitters trying to get up his nerve to walk across a short foot-wide plank a dozen feet above the ground, but the Wallendas—the circus troupe shown in the photograph at the right—have developed sufficient nerve and skill to perform this difficult and dangerous balancing stunt 100 feet above the ground.

When this picture was taken the athletes, were doing their stuff on a wire stretched across the swimming pool at the Miami Biltmore Country Club. The top of the young woman's head was more than 100 feet above the water and the crowd that held its breath until the precarious ride was over.

At the beginning of the spectacular maneuver, two of the troupe mount bicycles. The bicycles, of course, have no tires, but concave rims that keep them on the taut wire. A bar, with hooks at each end to fit over the riders' shoulders, is put in place and the other man in the company walks out on the wire with his balancing pole and a wooden chair. Carefully he climbs to the shoulders of the cyclist in the rear and places the chair in the center of the bar. Then, without a waste motion, he mounts the chair and stands up

on its narrow seat.

When he is safely on his precarious perch and his balancing pole is swinging slowly in rhythm with the poles of the fellows on the bicycles, he calls to the young woman who walks out on the wire, climbs up the back of the rider in the rear and walks the shorter bar to the chair. It seems to audiences that it would be impossible to get to the shoulders of the man on the chair without upsetting the whole delicately balanced pyramid, but the girl does it smoothly, as she has hundreds of times in the circus and on the stage.

The moment she stands erect the signal is given and the riders pedal across to the other end of the wire where the trick has to be done all over again, in reverse. It takes as long for the girl to get down as it did to get up, for only one false move is needed to send the whole troupe crashing down. The Wallendas say that breaking up the pyramid at the end of the ride is the really dangerous part of their act.

The Passing of Paper Jack

THE old codger shown in the photograph at the left looks like anything but a celebrity but, the other day, when he was knocked down and killed by an automobile speeding through Waddon, England, editors all over the British Isles dug out cuts of him and assigned their best rewrite men to do the dead man's obituary.

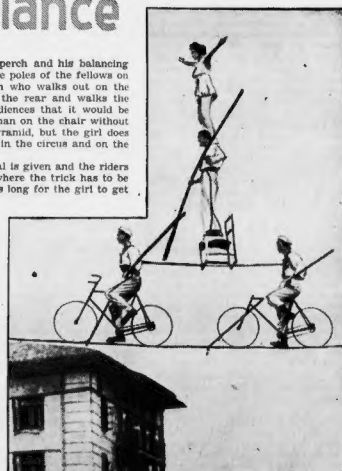
For almost a generation Paper Jack was a familiar figure around Waddon and nearby Beckington. He was a bit daffy, of course, but he was a harmless individual who became a character because he went about in an ensemble of newspapers, handbills and posters tied to his wasted frame with string.

The old man, who had celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday a short time before his violent end, never made a very trim appearance but he went in for color

and frequently changed his "clothes" in the interest of sanitation and for the amusement of his public. His favored posters printed in brilliant reds and yellows and usually carried around two or three circular biscuit tins in which he kept the food he begged and his handful of earthly goods.

Paper Jack originally hailed from Croydon, the home of England's biggest airport, and it was there that he began wearing newspapers and assorted bits of printed matter, instead of orthodox outfits. He fancied himself as something of a caveman and slept in the open year round in a small and ramshackle lean-to which he built of boards.

After his death an unsuccessful effort was made to find out his real name and something of his background—so he was buried as plain Paper Jack.



The Wallendas, the Bicycling Troupe, Riding a Wire a Hundred Feet in the Air and Accomplishing a Hair-raising Feat of Balance. The Troupe Tries Never to Let Anything Upset Them.

How Many Little Ones At One Litter?



Rita von Duenhof and Her Record Family of Eighteen Husky St. Bernard Pups.

Mrs. Dionne Had Five; Rita the St. Bernard Had Eighteen; Mrs. Nanny-Goat Had Quintuplets and Mrs. Cow Triplets, and Scientists Are Not Agreed on What the Limit Can Be

EVEN since the cute little Dionne quintuplets were born a little over a year ago they have had focused upon them the interest of a considerable portion of the world. Medical science is especially interested in them, because it is the first time in medical history that five human babies born at the same time have all lived so long. It is this, and not their number, which mainly concerns science, for there are other recorded cases of human quintuplets, including one as far back as in the works of the ancient Greek philosopher Aristotle. There are even two reliable instances of six babies born at once, and some more doubtful instances of seven and even eight.

Among the lower animals which bring forth their young alive, there are examples of much larger numbers, even in comparison with normal litters of these same species. Indeed, the question of how many little ones can be born at one time to mammals, of which man is one, is something that has long perplexed scientists, and they are not agreed at all on what the limit can be.

The eighteen St. Bernard pups whose portraits, together with that of Rita, their happy mother, are reproduced on this page, appear to constitute a record for dog families, but this record is exceeded in at least one instance by another animal, the ordinary domestic pig. Pigs ordinarily have litters of six to eight young, although families of ten or even twelve at one birth are not uncommon. A farmer, of Port Moody, British Columbia, reported early this year a litter of twenty piglets, apparently a record for all kinds of animals of the mammal group to which man belongs. It is interesting for the theory that multiple births are controlled by heredity that this same mother previously had produced litters of fourteen, fifteen and fourteen respectively, all well above the birth average.

Not even the rats, mice and rabbits, all supposed to be unusually productive, ever piled up records equal to this, or even to the record of Rita with her eighteen puppies. The largest rat family on record seems to be twelve, the largest rabbit one to be ten and the largest mouse one to be eight. Yet none of these animals, except perhaps rabbits, have been bred especially for large numbers of offspring. Despite the fact that a breeder tried to produce many rats or rabbits at each birth, he might succeed in equalling or exceeding the record of the Port Moody pig. Animal births are not recorded, of course, with anything like the care and completeness of human births. Large litters of piglets, puppies or other creatures may attract momentary attention but they are not studied and reported by the physicians as similar human instances would be.

The most authentic instance of human sextuplets was recorded in 1903 from the West Coast of Africa by two British doctors, Dr. J. Wisbart Kerr and Dr. H. Coleman. Unlike Dr. Dufon, who looked after the Dionne girls, these physicians were not lucky enough to provide over the birth itself but they did arrive shortly afterward and saw the six babies, all of whom had died shortly after being born. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the Negro woman who was the mother really did produce a set of human sextuplets who were alive at birth although none survived. Another instance generally accepted by medical

men was reported in Italy in 1858 by a Dr. Vassalli, otherwise unknown to fame.

Recently another instance of the birth of sextuplets was reported from Rumania. There was still another, in South Africa in 1929 and one in Brazil in 1930. The only American report is one from Alabama in 1899. In none of these instances, however, has science received an accurate report from a competent medical man or other scientist.

Only two even slightly credible instances of septuplets involving seven children at one birth, seem to have been recorded. One was in Pennsylvania in 1890, the other in China in some year before 1902. The latter case was reported by a medical man, Dr. R. C. Schultz, of Los Angeles, but as he did not see the seven children himself and was compelled to rely on the word of the mother concerning their number, medical science cannot take the report very seriously.

The only report of octuplets which ever has received any credence at all is one from the interior of China in 1934. All eight babies were said to have been born alive and to have survived for several days. However, no medical report was available and the accounts received by responsible Chinese newspapers had filtered through so many channels of information from the untraveled interior of the country that Chinese medical men are doubtful about accepting them. As to the various myths of twenty or fifty children born at once, even in one European story of 365, one for each day of the year, science ignores these completely.

Quintuplets, however, are reasonably common. A few years ago, Dr. Alan F. Outincher of Johns Hopkins University collected thirty-two instances of five children born at once. In no case, however, did all five survive. Following the ancient Egyptian quintuplets described by Aristotle, another similar event occurred in the reign of the Roman Emperor Augustus and is recorded by the historian, Augustus Gellius. At about the same time, as the Dionne births, another instance was recorded from South America, but with all the children dying soon after birth.

For the man who has quadruplets, triplets and twins, so many cases have been recorded that statistics can be compiled for their probable numbers. Last year a young Californian, expecting an early addition to his family, was so afraid that he might be afflicted with twins that he asked an insurance company to give him a policy insuring him against this event. So accurately does science know the average chance that twins will be born that Lloyd's of London, well known for their willingness to bet on almost anything, were willing to oblige him with a policy at a not too exorbitant rate.

Many biologists believe that this is a result of evolution, according to which the primitive rule of one young animal at a time is being replaced by



One of the Difficulties of an Unusually Big Family—First and Second Tables for the Fourteen Offspring of "Belle," the Great Dane.

greater percentages of twinning and of still larger multiples. Many animals habitually have only one young at a time, presumably because it would be difficult to care for more. Whales, for example, must find it no easy task to care for even one young whale in the sea, though twins are possible. Similarly, the elephant usually has one baby at a time, although twins have been known among domesticated elephants. No elephant triplets seem to have been recorded. Many domestic animals, including cows, horses, sheep and goats, all habitually have single births, but twins also are known in all instances and triplets in most, but perhaps not in horses since there seems to be no certain record of triplet colts. Triplet calves and kids seem also to be increasing in numbers. There is no doubt at all that triplet lambs are

increasing, as a result of active efforts of sheep breeders to produce ewes which will give birth to twins or triplets instead of single lambs. There seems not yet to be any reliable record of quadruplets among any of these domestic animals except the goats, where even quintuplets are known, one set arriving recently in Geneva, N. Y., being pictured above.

One curious instance is the kangaroo, where the mother animal possesses a warm and safe pouch in which it might be expected that a considerable number of young could be raised at the same time. Yet all species of kangaroos habitually produce only one young animal in each birth, the kangaroo baby being a tiny creature only about an inch long, although the father and mother may stand eight feet high. It is possible, however, that kanga-

Another Set of "Quints" With Their Fond Mother Contemplating Them. They Were Born on a Farm Near Geneva, New York, and Established a Record in the Goat World.

roos occasionally have twins. It is a general rule that domestic animals seem to have more young in one litter than their wild relatives. Domestic cats, for example, usually have four to six kittens at once, although as many as eight have been reported. The lion, on the other hand, habitually have only one or two cubs and the tigers have two or three.

There exists, however, one record of a captive tigress who produced a litter of five cubs. Similarly, wild rats and mice apparently have smaller litters than the representatives of these animal groups which have adopted man and virtually domesticated themselves on him. Although there is not much information to go by, wild rabbits seem seldom to approach the record litter size recorded for the domestic varieties.

Wild pigs and wild raccoons apparently have litters of from four to eight, never approaching the all-animal record of twenty for the domestic pig. Certainly the wolves and other wild dogs never approach the St. Bernard Rita's record of eighteen.

Yet there is one wild animal, the opossum of the Southern States, which habitually produces six to eight small opossums in a litter, and has been known to produce as many as sixteen. One other animal, a species of armadillo, shares with man the peculiarity of what are called "identical twins"; twins which look precisely alike and are believed by biologists to have been produced from a single egg cell which split apart during its development. Such identical twins account for one-fourth to one-third of all

births of human twins, but no twins certainly identical have been found among any other ordinary animals.

Triplet calves, such as those pictured above, always are what are called "fraternal twins", meaning that each of them has been produced from a separate egg cell, all three of which happened to be fertilized and to start growing at once. The same undoubtedly is true of the eighteen St. Bernard puppies, and presumably of the twenty piglets, just as it is true of human twins and triplets who do not resemble each other more closely than ordinary brothers and sisters.

The human quintuplets seem to belong to the identical group, since they have been exactly alike so far in their growth and development. If this is true, biologists take it to mean that all five of these babies came from the same original egg, which is believed to be true of ordinary identical twins and is known to be true of one non-human animal, the single species of armadillo mentioned.

These armadillos habitually have litters of four small armadillos, all precisely alike. Biological studies have proved that the original single egg cell soon divides into four and that each of these then proceeds to develop into a complete young animal. This kind of armadillo habitually gives birth, therefore, to identical quadruplets.

It sometimes is suggested with regard to identical triplets among human beings that these must be survivors of a set of quadruplets, since the original egg cell should be thought of as splitting first into two and then into four, never into three. Similarly, the human quintuplets have been called the survivors of eight children, to further splits of four quadruplet egg cells to produce eight. If this were true, quadruplets and octuplets ought to be commoner than triplets or quintuplets, which they obviously are not.

What really happens appears to be somewhat different. Instead of splitting at once into two separate egg cells to produce identical twins or four to produce identical quadruplets, the developing egg seems to grow for some time and then to begin its splitting operation. Accordingly, it is entirely possible for it to separate into two parts, three parts, four parts or any other number. In the Dionne case the selected number evidently was five.

As these five babies grow up science will keep close watch on them to see whether they really remain identical in all ways, as identical twins usually do, or whether they begin to show differences. And on the other side of the problem, veterinary surgeons always are on the watch for the birth of identical twins, triplets or other litter mates among domestic animals.

Gallows Trees Runed by Hunters Of SS Victims

GALLOWS TREE GHOULS are again operating in California. For decades California souvenir hunters have cherished a penchant for displaying on their mantels bits of wood or a tree-branch from which some famous outlaw has been hanged.

Possibly it is because, owing to the Gold Rush and the ensuing lawlessness, more outlaws have hung from trees in California than in any other State in the country. Ordinarily, the trees have been demolished as they stood, but the latest of the devoted of sordid relics actually invaded the basement of the County Jail in San Jose, recently.

It was the gallows tree, from which the notorious Thibault Vasquez, famed and feared bandit of the '70s, was hanged in the town square. Not only that, but the only photograph on record of Vasquez was found to have been torn from the jail record books.

Vasquez was the counterpart of California's first Public Enemy No. 1, Joaquin Murietta. Like Murietta, he stole from the hated "Yanqui" on every occasion, but confined his depredations to wealthy cattlemen or landowners, who could well afford the loss. For years he owed his security to "hideouts" in the home of poor Mexicans and Americans whom he befriended with an open-handed generosity. Many another Western bandit has emulated Robin Hood by looting banks, stage coaches and express offices, and turning over money to the poor. But most of these have been selfish, greedy type, and few had any scruples about murder.

Like Murietta, Vasquez was bold, dashing and handsome, and his final downfall was as dramatic as that of his notorious predecessor. Surrounded in a "hideaway" near Los Angeles, he was suddenly confronted by a deputy armed with pistols, who kicked in the door. Unable to reach his small arsenal, he dove through a window into a heated situation. He ran toward a thicket in which his snow-white horse, almost as famous as he, was tethered, only to find that a squad of the possemen was concealed there.

The officers ran out firing at him and he sustained three wounds before he dropped. The members of the posse picked him up, placed him on a blanket in the shade of the cabin and one of them, a doctor, began probing his wounds and staunching the flow of blood.

Despite the pain, he said, smilingly: "Thank you. You are very kind." "Sorry to have had to shoot you up this way," one of the posse said gruffly. "Don't worry," Vasquez said. "It was my own fault."



Unable to Reach His Small Arsenal, Vasquez Dived Through a Window Without Hesitation as the Leader of the posse, who was Ready, Kicked in the Door.

I took that chance when I started to run. Of course," he added philosophically, "I should have done the same as all of you had my companions not been absent, or if I had not been so foolish as to have left my rifle by my bed."

As Vasquez's latest crime had been committed in Santa Clara County, of which Jose is the county seat, he was tried and convicted of murder, marched out of the jail to the square in front of the jail and hanged. By a strange coincidence, one of Vasquez's gallows trees occurred not far from St. James Park, where, in November, 1933, Harold Thummond and Jack Holmes were hanged from a tree by lynchers for the brutal kidnapping and murder of Brooke Hart, son of a wealthy San Jose merchant.

Hart was kidnapped, struck over the head, bound with wire and driven to a bridge which crosses an arm of San Francisco Bay. While still partly conscious and struggling, he was tossed over the rail of the bridge and into the bay by his calloused kidnappers. The subsequent lynching in St. James Park caused a nationwide controversy after the late Governor James Rolph, Jr., announced that the lynching was California's reply to the current kidnapping evil.

Next night the Gallows Tree Ghoul began their morbid work. When dawn broke the bark and lower limbs had practically been stripped from the two trees. Whereupon the city of San Jose, determined to outdo the souvenir hunters, removed the trees from the park.

Another tree which was demolished so that hardly a splinter remained is the one from which three of the notorious Howards, street gangsters, were hanged by lynchers in Santa Rosa, Calif. In 1910. The gang of San Francisco hoodlums had been accused of a brutal assault by three girls. The attack occurred in a shack which was the hangout of the gang.

Several days later, three of the gang were located in a building near Santa Rosa, about 75 miles away. A posse attempted to capture them, and in the ensuing gun-fight Sheriff James A. Petray, of Sonoma County, and Detectives Miles Jackson and Lester Dorman, of San Francisco were wounded.

The gangsters were captured, however, and lodged in the Santa Rosa jail. A few days later fifteen automobiles containing three score lynchers drove up and removed them. They were taken to the Old Fellows Cemetery, near town, where all three were hanged from the limbs of a tree in the graveyard.

Next day the "ghouls" mobilized, and in three days the entire tree was but a stump. All through the Mother Lode country there are the skeletons of trees from which famous "road agents" and outlaws were hanged. Most of them are gnarled, old relics once used by the tree to the ravages of the Gallows Tree Ghoul.

Keeps in Huge Fortune Hidden in a Cave

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY recently told the extraordinary story of the luckiest and the richest man in the world, the Gackwar Nizam, who was taken from the poverty of a peasant's hut, his rags changed to rich silks and embroideries, and put upon the throne of that rich Indian principality. It was like a tale from the Arabian Nights. But here is another story, almost as interesting, of the Nizam of Hyderabad, another rich Indian Prince. He is the ruler of the largest state under the British flag, a territory the size of the British island. Nobody knows exactly what his wealth totals, because he is said to keep it in a hidden cave in the woods, where only one person besides himself knows where to find the entrance.

Unlike other rulers of the world, the Nizam sees anyone who wants an audience with him, from a seigneur to a millionaire, from a prisoner to a priest, merchant and mendicant—all have access to him.

A pair of bright, penetrating eyes stares at the visitor from under black, arched brows. His voice is soft and musical as he bids the visitor to "do him the honor by sitting himself." Even a beggar is treated with as much respect.

To meet the Nizam is to be in the presence of thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry. His donkey-riding palanquin is studded with five diamond rings. Three lines of diamonds fall from the summit of the turban to the center. From the right end of the turban hang three more strings of diamonds. Each ringlet consists of four twenty jewels, and the strings of about fifteen to twenty of them all are attached to the turban.

The Nizam wears a long "achkan" richly embroidered in gold. Around the collar is a necklace of diamonds, each the size of a large pea, interspersed with emeralds. A little lower down is another necklace of pearls of a reddish tint. On his fingers are a number of rings studded with diamonds and emeralds.

Diamonds and emeralds are the Nizam's favorite jewels. He will pay any price to acquire these jewels if they are of a good size and lustre.

He is an early riser. He wakes at five in the morning, and an hour later begins his day's work, which lasts till nine o'clock at night, with but a few breaks for meals.

He inspects every file and every paper which has anything to do with his state. He knows the affairs of his territory as intimately as a housewife knows her weekly budget.

Yet this man, whose every second is precious, is never hard up for time. Almost everyone who wants to see him has his desire fulfilled.

This man, one of the richest men in the British Empire, it will surprise many to learn, earns his own livelihood. His treasury has made no provision for his personal expenses.

There are many people in Hyderabad who consider the wearing of Omani socks, gloves and handkerchiefs fashionable. They are twenty-one inches long. These are the source of the Nizam's private income. His factories knit them, and from the proceeds of their sales his personal expenses are defrayed. That fact is particularly interesting because the Nizam is said to possess untold treasures of jewelry and ornaments, the total value of which is a mystery to all.

Owners of wholesale grocery concerns, fish dealers and miscellaneous other buildings used to come to the cold storage plant and ask if they could borrow Farmer for a night or two to clean out the great rats always prevalent around the wharves. When the weather becomes too cool for sleeping out, Farmer spends his nights at the storage plant.

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The employees there fed him and took the world of him. In fact, everybody loves Farmer. Recently they chipped in and paid the expense of having Dr. F. C. Boswell, veterinary, wash him, cut his hair and generally make him pretty.

Farmer threads his way safely through the traffic of Commercial Street with his shifting engines and freight cars, its endless procession of motor trucks and automobiles. But he never misses the opportunity to stop and bark whenever a Model T Ford shows up! Any other kind of car he ignores, but never a Model T.

The big collier Oakley Alexander has been running between Portland and Newport News for several years. In his wanderings Farmer boards the steamer one day five years ago and made friends with the captain. One day in the late fall he walked into the storage plant and solemnly put out his right paw to shake hands with all concerned, including the manager down to the least important. Nobody knew what it meant. The next day

it is a frequently told story that in the deep forests of the Hyderabad territory is a secret cave which contains a precious collection of gems.

The exact location of this spot is unknown to all but one other person in the world. He is the trusted servant of the Nizam family, who is in honor bound not to disclose its position to anyone. Only when he is on his deathbed does the man whisper it to his eldest son, who succeeds him as the guardian.

To the cave are taken the Nizam's nearest relatives at the time of their marriage. They are led there blindfolded, the bandages being removed when they are inside the cave. From the hoaps of treasure they can choose any ornaments they fancy—anything from a ring to a diamond necklace worth thousands of dollars.

This is a gift for their lifetime—but only on condition that they do not sell it or give it away. On their death the ornaments go back to the cave.

Unlike the supposedly richest ruler in the world, the Gackwar of Baroda, the Nizam of Hyderabad is a hereditary prince. The Gackwar owns his regal dignity largely to superstition. When he was a young lad he was a sheep herder of whom no one except his own little village had heard. A man of his rank was needed for the kingdom, and in deference to a superstition, the Gackwar was selected to be the adopted son of the reigning maharaja. Hundreds of boys were considered for the honor, but the present Gackwar was selected because of the wise men's prediction for his future.

A group of the wise men of the village and literally stumbled on him at the outskirts, where he lay sound asleep in the field. As the men approached, they noted that just behind the sleeping shepherd boy a great cobra was coiled, its head raised high, ready to strike. The cobra was coiled in protection of the boy from the glaring sun. The boy's parents were found and he was sent to the royal palace to be educated for the job of Gackwar. Under tutelage he proved to be adapted for his job, and he carried his country through an era of depression, has modernized it with sanitation and culture and institutions of learning. That he is regarded as the richest man in the world is considered to be testimony of his wise rule.

What untold amount of treasure actually lies hidden in the cave of Hyderabad's powerful Nizam, only the Nizam himself knows. But the wealth that apparently lies idle in the Nizam's Auldin Caves is brought out when appropriate occasion demands it. The numerous public buildings which have risen for the present ruler's residence, the throne bare evidence to the wisdom with which he uses it.

How the Nizam's treasures lie open to his friends and allies during their times of need is best known by the British. The Nizam's treasury is said to have been the Nizam's ungrudgingly offered loans and gifts to the Government.

His contributions to the war funds exceeded those of any other ruler in the world. In all, he subscribed over \$15,000,000 towards the cost of the war, out of which ten million were in the form of free gifts.

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The Facts About Suicide And the Type

THE killer type and the suicide type of mind are so closely related that one easily changes into the other, according to the findings of Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, well-known psychiatrist, after a long study of murderers at Sing Sing prison.

A man may set out determined to murder somebody, but finally the proposed victim has gone away over the weekend, is quite likely to blow out his own brains instead. Not infrequently a person starts out bent on committing suicide but changes his plans and commits a murder. More often this interchangeable type perpetrates both acts, like the lovers who kill their sweethearts and themselves or like Panaman John J. Masterson of the New York police, who fatally wounded his friend and fellow policeman, Jack Hopkins, and then blew out his own brains.

A normal person reading of these murder and suicide cases assumes logically enough that the main idea is the murder and that when this is accomplished the killer chooses suicide as the quickest and easiest way to escape the consequences. But the killer-and-suicide type is not logical and often the motive is the reverse of what seems reasonable, or something utterly absurd to the balanced mind. People in the grip of the suicide impulse have been known to murder their strangers.

R. S. Wilson, from San Francisco, a young former student of Stanford University, was in Reno, Nevada, when he came to the conclusion that he could better kill himself than any longer. Just why he felt that way is not known, but the suicide-and-killer type does not need any very solid reason. To destroy himself, Wilson poured a flask of whiskey and did it so efficiently that just one drink was fatal. With the flask in his pocket, the youth started wandering around Reno, looking for a convenient place to take the final swing, which should not have been any problem.

But like anyone who thinks he has a great idea, he wanted to get others in on it. Self-destruction is not an easy idea to "sell" to strangers, so Wilson went about offering drinks from his flask to everyone he met. By good luck and good judgment, nobody accepted that offer from a stranger except Denis Bock, a taxi driver, twenty-three years old, who took a pull at the flask and died.

Wilson tried to tempt Ted Morril, Reno aviator, with a nip from the death flask, and when this could not be done arranged for a short flight during which Wilson seized the controls, sending the plane into a nose dive. Morril managed to fight his passenger off and land safely. When Sheriff Chapman came to ask Wilson what he meant

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Dog That Remembers Ships Sailing Dates

FARMER recently arrived back at Portland, Me., for the first time after spending the cold months at Newport News, Virginia, which has been his custom for the last five or six years. He is the best known and the best loved dog along Portland's waterfront. About ten years ago he appeared at a cold storage plant as the property of the manager. He was apparently a combination of terrier and Airedale and almost instantly achieved fame as a ratter. When the manager of the cold storage plant was transferred he left Farmer behind.

Owners of wholesale grocery concerns, fish dealers and miscellaneous other buildings used to come to the cold storage plant and ask if they could borrow Farmer for a night or two to clean out the great rats always prevalent around the wharves. When the weather becomes too cool for sleeping out, Farmer spends his nights at the storage plant.

The employees there fed him and took the world of him. In fact, everybody loves Farmer. Recently they chipped in and paid the expense of having Dr. F. C. Boswell, veterinary, wash him, cut his hair and generally make him pretty.

Farmer threads his way safely through the traffic of Commercial Street with his shifting engines and freight cars, its endless procession of motor trucks and automobiles. But he never misses the opportunity to stop and bark whenever a Model T Ford shows up! Any other kind of car he ignores, but never a Model T.

Farmer had come to Newport News on the collier.

For five years now he has repeated this trick. How does he know the date the vessel is to sail unless he hears those on board talking about it? He never misses the sailing date once he decides it is time to leave. Maine cold for Virginia warmth and he boards the Alexander exactly half an hour before the sailing hour. He generally returns to Portland about May 1 and his first aim is to go to the plant and shake hands with everybody. He is then presented his license tag for the new year.

He is as welcome at Newport News as he is at Portland. He spends his time along the waterfront there and pays for his keep by the rats he slaughters. In one Portland warehouse he made a record when he killed 127 rodents in three nights. Once he made a trip to South America on a schooner, the Annie Doughty II, and went deep sea scalloping on Georges Banks. Farmer is about ten years old and still going strong.

The apparent ability of certain animals to measure time in their own way, has always intrigued scientists. Much data has been gathered about dog or cat experiences in this ability. Many cases are reported of cats which became restive at certain hours of the day in anticipation of the return home of their masters. Dogs, too, seem to associate striking clocks with the passing hours. In numerous instances a clock striking five has been the signal for pet dogs to rise out of a lazy nap and go to the front door or gate to await the arrival of members of the family home from work.

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Science Finds Love Is Really a Disease

The Assertions of the Poets That "Love Is Blind," "a Dizziness," "a Madness," "Like the Measles" and the Like, Apparently Correct Inspirational Forecasts of Physiological Fact



"Jealousy," by the celebrated English cartoonist Cruikshank, showing the Jealous Lover Tormented by Visions Which Resemble Those of Fever or Madness. A French Physician Claimed He Could Cure Jealousy by Pills, Just as Other Diseases Are Cured.

SHAKESPEARE, greatest of English poets and play-makers, wrote almost three hundred years ago in his "Merchant of Venice" that "Love is blind."

Old Geoffrey Chaucer, first of English poets, said the same thing some 200 years before him, putting the observation in the mouth of his "Merchant of the Canterbury Pilgrimage," which was probably where Shakespeare, who, besides being a most original genius, never scrupled appropriating other men's thoughts, lifted it. Chaucer wrote: "For love is blind all day and may not see."

And fourteen centuries before Chaucer, the Roman poet Propertius set down in his Elegies that "Bellect in sano nemo in amore videt"—which in English means "Everybody is blind when maddest by love."

Dr. T. A. Brombach, of San Francisco, one of America's most distinguished eye experts, recently confirmed the physiological truth of these poetic observations. He agreed with the poets that love is a cause of eye trouble, causing defective vision among its victims. He also confirmed the ancient Propertius' description of love as madness.

Its symptoms are those of certain diseases and therefore it must be classed as a disease. It is, he said, "a state of mental intoxication." Like disease "it upsets the chemistry of the human organism." Its victims "do many foolish things," quite like those suffering from the toxins or poisons of germs or other diseases.

Dr. Paul Voivenel, an equally distinguished French physician, goes even further than Dr. Brombach. In his book, "La Maladie de l'Amour," or "The Love Sickness," he writes that some symptoms of love are so much like those of germ poisons, drugs or alcohol that medical science can believe them similar. A lover deprived of seeing his beloved is like a drunkard denied a drink, or an addict his drug. His fancies are those of one fevered by disease and his actions often are insane. The common phrase, "He's crazy about her," can be literally true.

Love may cause mental breakdown not unlike the symptoms of invasion of the brain by germs of meningitis or encephalitis lethargica, the so-called sleeping sickness. It can overturn all ideas of morality and destroy all moral checks against crime, even to murder—just as the disease of sleeping sickness, and sometimes even that of infantile paralysis, does. Like the germ of encephalitis, it can reduce its victims to a state of lassitude from which nothing seems to arouse them, and this is especially true of unhappy love.

The whole nerve force of the body is lowered and exchanged by an attack of acute love. Dr. Voivenel says, much as happens in other diseases.

It is interesting to note how accurately the poets have anticipated these discoveries of science.

Concerning the state of "mental intoxication" which Dr. Brombach cites as one of the symptoms, Shakespeare in his "A Midsummer Night's Dream," wrote:

"Things base and vile, holding no quality, Love can transmute to form and dignity."

So in fever, drunkenness and drugs, base actions and vicious people seem noble things to do and noble people to lie to.

Regarding love's feverish qualities, John Massfield, poet laureate of England, wrote in the "Widow of Epswell":

"Love is a flame to burn out human wills."

The Norse-American poet Hjalmar Bjorth Boyesen says in "Gunnar":

"Love is like fire . . . wounds of fire are hard to bear; Harder still are those of love."

"Love's pestilence," wrote the English poet Shelley in "Hellas."

"It is all one whether you die of sickness or of love," says one old Italian proverb.

"Where there is great love there is great pain," says another.

"Love's like the measles," wrote Jerrild, "all the worse when it comes late in life."

Many a disastrous marriage of elderly men to young and designing women testifies to the truth of this.

As for the impossibility of exercising sound judgment while in love, Francis Bacon, the wise Englishman who, many believe, wrote the plays of Shakespeare, says in his Essays of Love: "Tis impossible to love and be wise."

Robert Herrick, who wrote his poems in 1700, says:

"Away with doubts, all scruples hence remove, No man at one time can be wise, and love."

Going back to the Romans, one finds many observations, such as these:

"Love draws me one way, reason another," Ovid, in his "Metamorphoses."

"Find me a reasonable lover and I'll give you his weight in gold," wrote Plautus. This wise gentleman has also to his credit the shortest epigram known. It is: "Amara, amara. It means: 'Lover, lunatic.'"

"Love is like a dizziness," it was said by a poor body.

Gang about his business," is the opinion of James Hogg, the hunchy Scotch poet.

"Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens Reason, confounds discretion; deaf to counsel."

It runs a headlong course to desperate madness."

Such is John Ford's opinion as expressed in his play, "The Lover's Melancholy," written in the 17th Century.

While not as many have died of love as of standard recognized diseases, there is no doubt that such cases are fairly common, and that the old phrase, "She died of a broken heart," while physiologically unsound, since the heart does not really break, is practically true.

Shakespeare, in "As You Like It," has one of his characters cynically say, "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

On the other hand, Goethe, the German, and perhaps as great a poet, wrote a whole novel about love sickness, in which his hero, "Werther," died of unrequited love. And there is no description of love sickness more moving than that of Tennyson's Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat, in the poet's "Idylls of the King." This was the maid who loved Lancelot, who was Queen Guinevere's lover. And the poet tells how Elaine:

"Murmured 'Vain, in vain: it cannot be. He will not love me: how then? must I die?'"

So the simple maid



The Countess Marie-Anne von Wurmbrand-Stuppach, Who Carefully Planned to Marry Young Clendenen Ryan, Jr. for His Money, Did Marry Him Shortly After Their Meeting, and Then, Because of the Crazy Intensity of Her Love for Another Man, Lost All the Profits of Her Scheming.

Went half the night repeating, 'Must I die?' And now to right she turn'd, and now to left, And found no ease in turning or in rest; And him or death, she mutter'd, 'death or him,' Again and like a burthen, 'him or death.'

Yet, if comparatively few have died in just this peaceful way, many indeed have died by knife and bullet, by strangling string and other lethal weapons because of the slayer's "state of mental intoxication," while the list of suicides through the same cause is even longer.

The classic love tragedy of self-inflicted love death is Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," in which Romeo, thinking Juliet dead, kills himself by drinking poison, and Juliet, awaking and finding Romeo really dead, stabs herself. These physiologists point out, are acts of unbalanced minds.

How much of a madness it can be in real life was demonstrated in the case of Mrs. Wilma Harrison, evangelist leader of the Gospel Church Congregation at Wichita Falls, Texas. This

with such intensity that when she believed another woman had stolen his love from her, she coldly shot down and killed this woman. Despite the fact that she had preached from the text, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," and knew the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," so unbalanced was her mind by love and jealousy that these seemed as nothing.

Mrs. Harrison took her 12-year-old daughter one day and had her search through a crowded department store until she found the other woman. And then, when the child returned to her and pointed out the rival, she drew a revolver, called out her name in her ringing, pulpit voice, "Corra Hawthorne," and when the woman turned, fired twice at her at a distance of six feet, sending one bullet just over the heart and the second through the head.

But perhaps the most extraordinary example of how acute love defeats all sane reason is that of the Countess von Wurmbrand-Stuppach, who, urged on by her scheming mother, came to this country with the deliberate intention of marrying a millionaire, despite the fact that she was deeply in love with a Pol-

Shakespeare's Tragic Tale of "Romeo and Juliet" Reveals the Great Dramatist's Perception of the Characteristic Disease Symptoms of Romantic Love. The Death Scene, From the Celebrated Painting by Miss A. Oppenheim.



Mrs. Wilma Harrison, Worthy and Upright Woman Preacher, Whose Jealousy So Affected Her Mind That She Killed the Woman She Believed to Be Her Rival for Her Husband's Love.

ish count. She picked out young Clendenen Ryan, Jr. and by clever and fast work managed to get a proposal of marriage from him.

As Mr. Ryan will be worth some day around \$35,000,000, he was a first-class matrimonial prize upon whom many an ambitious American mother cast longing eyes. Yet, after having accomplished this remarkable coup, the young Countess' passion for her Count was so busily overwhelming that on her wedding night she banished her bridegroom from the

bedroom chamber, and in hysterics urged him to go on his honeymoon alone. Having no money of her own to pay the expensive present that she wanted to send her lover, she pawned wedding presents on the very day of her marriage and bought him an expensive velvet suit.

Later, according to Mr. Ryan's testimony in his suit for annulment of the marriage, she hysterically confessed previous affairs with other men.

But these crazy symptoms of intense love have their comic side. Not long ago Andre Dore, a Hollywood composer and musical director, fell so madly in love with Cecilia White, a store employee, that he telephoned her twenty-two times in two hours. Cecilia did not love Andre and this so annoyed her that she complained to the police.

The composer was arrested and explained his actions by saying that he was "madly in love with Cecilia." He was given thirty days in jail to allow his madness to subside.

Poets differ, however, upon whether or not the love disease is curable.

"Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure," writes Pope, and Ovid, Latin poet of love, repeats: "Ah, me! Love

cannot be cured by herbs." Yet the distinguished essayist, La Rochefoucauld, believed differently. There are several remedies which will cure love," he wrote, "but there are no infallible ones." Unfortunately, he did not specify the remedies.

Dr. Claude Renault, a famous French physician of the late nineteenth century, believed, however, that jealousy, which is one of the most dangerous symptoms of the love disease, could be cured by certain pills containing drugs which combated what Dr. Voivenel called "the lowering of nerve force" caused by love.

Physiologists, acquainted with the complex and intimate relations existing in the body between the nervous system and the glandular system, are inclined to attribute the disease symptoms of love to the effect of strong emotions upon the pituitary gland. This gland, situated just underneath

the brain, is a kind of "master gland" for the whole body and one of its duties is the control of the actions of the other glands. It is easily affected by emotions and other brain reactions. An extreme of love, it is probable, so affects it that it alters the activity of the other glands of the body. Both anger and fright are known to cause not only fevers but chills, and there is no reason why love should not do the same thing. It is certain that love causes a more rapid heart-beat, a symptom which is a common one of disease.

Another old set of bodily reactions upon which poets and scientists agree has among the symptoms of the love disease stomach trouble and indigestion.

"Love and peace porridge are two dangerous things," said Dean Swift in his "Follic Conversation."

As to peace porridge, which is about the same as modern thick pea soup, doctors may disagree whether or not it is sure to cause indigestion, but there is no doubt at all that strong emotions may cause indigestion, and love therefore likewise. Later, at the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, Dr. Walter C. Alvarez has proved that a large percentage of the cases of indigestion which come to hospitals for treatment are not caused by stomach disease but are due merely to anxiety or intense emotion of some other kind.

Paleness and a tendency to flush suddenly or to grow pale as quickly are symptoms of the love which poets always have insisted.

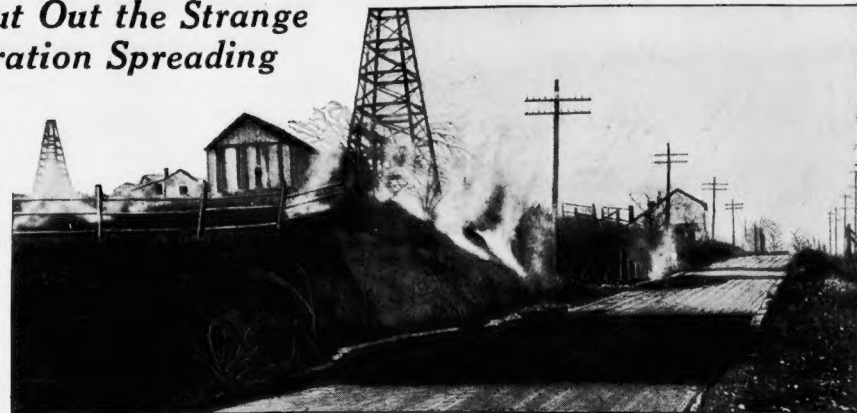
"All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer," says Shakespeare, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Again, science is with the poets. Just as a flushed face is a sign of a fever, so the tendency to grow pale or flushed without cause is one of the symptoms of love.

Perhaps some day love will be regulated by the health department, just like any other disease, and sanitariums be maintained to cure lovers, just as they are for alcoholic or drug addicts.

A \$1,000,000,000 Fire That Has Burned 150 Years

Government Asked to Put Out the Strange Underground Conflagration Spreading Like a Cancer Through One of the Nation's Richest Coal Fields, Menacing Lives, Mines and Countryside



The Road Between New Straitsville and Shawnee. The Fire Has Broken Out Around a Producing Oil Well. The Dark Places on the Road Show Repairs After Caving In When the Coal Had Burned Out Underneath.

A House in New Straitsville, Torn Down and Its Material Being Salvaged When the Underground Fires Crept Beneath It. In the Foreground is a Water Cistern of Which the Burning Coal Has Made a Chimney.

THE strangest fire in history, one that has been burning underground for 150 years, has already eaten up \$50,000,000 and is menacing additional coal fields worth \$1,000,000,000, may be finally put out by the Federal Government can be persuaded to use for this purpose some of the vast sum of money that has been voted for relief and for conservation of natural resources.

Started during a miners' strike, this inferno has been raging and spreading for half a century between New Straitsville and Shawnee, Ohio, in the center of the Hocking Valley coal fields—one of the richest deposits in the world.

Areas of farmlands and woods have been ruined, several houses have been hurriedly abandoned, a church and a school house have been threatened, sections of paved highways have caved in—but still the fire goes on. In a number of places, a few yards from spots where smoke and fumes are escaping from fissures, oil and gas wells are in operation. In other places, miners are at present digging coal from workings that are in sight of hillsides spotted with blazing craters.

But, curiously enough, it has only been in recent months that the people in the district began to realize how much might be the ultimate loss if the Hocking Valley fire is not put out, and put out soon.

Men who have been trying to get the Government to become fireman on a gigantic scale point out that the \$1,000,000,000 worth of coal is not the only thing to be considered. They say that if this coal is destroyed, the money that would be earned by miners would be hired to dig it will also be lost. The value of this so-called "labor wealth" has been placed at \$11,000,000, which is a lot of money, even in these days when people in high official speak so glibly of appropriating billions for one thing and another.

The Federal Government has become interested enough to have engineers work out a plan for solving the problem, and, according to their report, the cost of conquering the underground conflagration would be a mere \$500,000. But when the proposition of fighting the fire with unemployment relief funds was put up to the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, recently, it was turned down on the basis that it could not properly be considered "relief work." Even though a number

of unemployed men might be given jobs, the chief benefit would obviously go to the owners of the coal fields—and the FEERA was not inclined to put money into the pockets of private property owners.

After the FEERA declined to take action, other Government agencies were asked to consider the problem from the standpoint of conservation, on the grounds that \$1,000,000,000 worth of coal is a natural resource that should not be allowed to go to waste—no matter who may happen to hold the title to it. It has been pointed out that if the Government reacts unfavorably to this request, there seems to be little hope of saving the Hocking Valley coal deposits.

The story of how the fire was started is a strange one. The 1884 miners' strike in Ohio, one of the most bitter labor struggles in American history, had been in progress for six months. One night a group of miners seized a number of loaded mine cars on a trolley at New Straitsville, poured oil on them, and ignited it.

These blazing cars were then run into five different shafts, and left a mile or so underground. Within twenty-four hours the workings near the town were honeycombed with fire, and before a week had passed the creeping flames were beyond control. A number of ventilation channels, necessary in mining work, reached down into the hill where the torch cars had been spotted. These acted as smokestacks, providing a draft and fanning the spreading flames.

Year after year, the fire expanded—constantly eating its way into new territory. It not only swept through corridors, tunnels and drifts where mining operations had been carried on, but burned into solid seams through which gases and fumes, driven in advance, had opened fissures. Consequently, no one knows where the fire is likely to break through the surface, and because of this many strange things have happened.

Not long ago one resident of the valley discovered that his cistern, which was his only water supply, had gone dry. But before he had time to figure out the reason for this, the cistern began to emit smoke. The terra cotta casing that projected above the ground began to crack from heat—and about this time the home owner decided he

had better move. As can be seen in the illustration, while the house was being salvaged, the erstwhile cistern continued to send out smoke, as if it were a chimney.

In number of places throughout the "infected" area, mines are still in operation, and occasionally it happens that miners will feel the walls of the tunnels in which they are working start to get hot—and then hotter. But from experience, they have learned to know the danger point, and when that comes, out they go with their tools, hurriedly pulling up the track as they retreat. Such was the fate that overtook the shaft shown in another illustration on this page. The day before the photograph of this roaring furnace was taken, miners were at work in the shaft, industriously digging and hauling out coal.

Members of families that have lived for generations on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius have become accustomed to dwelling on the crust of a volcano and give little thought to the molten rock, steam and gases not so very far below them. So it is with residents of Hocking Valley. In rainy or foggy weather, fumes from smoldering mines creep under their door sills, and every night there are hillside that are illuminated until they resemble the famed entrance to the infernal regions. Gases have destroyed or stunted valuable forests and once the subterranean heat opened a crevice in a pasture. A farmer saw one of his horses stumble into the chasm, and before he could get to the spot the animal's body had been consumed.

But when visitors to the district express astonishment and uneasiness, residents joke about the underground fire, which they regard as a spectacle. They say that while there have been a number of narrow escapes, there is no real danger and no one, so far, has been killed.



Entrance to a Mine Into Which the Fire Has Crept and in Which Men Were Working Less Than 24 Hours Before the Flames Burst Through.

Time after time there have been a number of narrow escapes, there is no real danger and no one, so far, has been killed.

Time after time the fire has undermined highways, but when a section of some road caves in the holes are filled with dirt—as was done to the stretch of the New Straitsville-Shawnee highway in the photograph at the top of this page—and traffic is soon going on as usual. In this photograph and the one just below it can be seen dericks above oil and gas wells that are being operated within a few feet of smoldering, outcropping and active craters. This is a sight that makes a visitor doubt his own eyes until it has been explained that the well holes are protected by three and sometimes four castings, so that it is impossible for the underground fire to ignite the oil or gas. Just the same, not many visitors care to get close to these dericks.

During the past half century a number of efforts have been made to check the fires. Cement walls have been sunk into the earth at what were

Smoke, Gas and Fire Coming From Cracks and Crevices in the Surface of Hazell's Hill, an Oil Well in the Background. This Is One Place Not Safe Anywhere for Man or Beast to Tread.

thought to be strategic points, but the intense heat cracked the cement and the fire passed on through it almost as if it had been peanut brittle. On another occasion the course of a creek was diverted and the water sent down a shaft into a scorching cavern. But gases forced up by the weight of the water spewed against the live coals along the cavern roof and caused the fire to spread more rapidly than ever above the water line.

A short while ago, pupils in a new \$30,000 school house began to complain because the inside of the building was a good deal warmer than the outside atmosphere, and when an investigation was started it was found that the underground fire was within twenty feet of the structure. The children were promptly dismissed, and an emergency crew dug through the basement and around the foundations, removing the smoldering coal and saving the building.

The method of putting out the 50-year fire that has been recommended by Government engineers calls for three barriers that will enclose the cancerous area, which is at present about six square miles. It is doubtful if the fire within this area can ever be put out, and even if it could the cost would probably be too great to be worth the effort. But by confining the fire in this comparatively small territory, engineers believe that it is possible to save the rest of the extensive Hocking Valley deposits, which produce one-tenth of the nation's coal supply.

Two types of barrier have been proposed. Where the coal is close to the surface, it has been recommended that cuts be made with steam shovels. The procedure in this case is similar to the "stripping" method of mining, where the soil is removed and the coal then taken out of deep, wide ditches. After a ditch barrier had been dug and the coal removed to a width that would stop the progress of the fire, the cut would be filled with dirt.

The other type of barrier is a tunnel, driven through the coal seam, and dividing it. But to prevent the fire from jumping across the tunnel, holes would be driven down to it from the surface. Then a stream of mud would be pumped through the holes until the tunnel filled.

One of the strangest things about the Hocking Valley fire is that none of the men who started it were ever arrested. Detectives worked on the case for years, but miners who might have been able to reveal the names of the men who ran the torch cars under the hill merely smiled when questioned.

The nearest the mystery ever came to being solved was about a year after the fire started. Albert Guess, a former inmate of the Ohio Penitentiary, had returned to the scene of his youth, and was working in one of the Hocking Valley mines. One day he committed a misdemeanor, for which Constable Henry Ours started to arrest him on a street in New Straitsville.

But the ex-convict was in a savage humor, and as the constable approached, Guess drew a pistol and began firing. One shot killed the constable and another missed a boy who had just come from a school building across the street.

That night a mob broke into the jail and dragged Guess to a nearby tree. At the last minute, with the noose around his neck, Guess tried to revenge himself on the mob by revealing the names of the men who had started the mine fire, hoping that someone in the crowd would repeat what he said to officers.

"I know who ran those burning coal cars into the mine, and I'm going to tell you did it. The men were—"

But he got no further. Half a dozen hands tugged on the rope, and the lightning noose cut off the ex-convict's breath forever. So the mystery has never been solved.

For years, mine owners were willing to pay a reward to learn the names of the guilty men, although everyone realized that no jury in that region would have brought in a verdict of guilty. But nowadays, no one wants to uncover information that might cause fresh trouble. The common view is that the Hocking Valley fire is regarded, by miners and mine owners alike, as a symbol of what can happen when men are unable to adjust wage battles and economic differences.

Throughout the district there have been repeated cave-ins, and in several places holes extend so deep into the bottom that they seem to have no ground. Gases are continually arising from these holes, and the atmosphere of the surrounding region is always heavy with unwholesome fumes, which have overcome a number of persons.

But in spite of this, residents of the district take a certain pride in this unique fire, which has attracted attention from all over the world. The community. They enjoy guiding sight-seers over the burning area, and like to show them the fire more striking features—in much the same way that people who live on the sides of volcanoes take pleasure in astonishing tourists.

At one place near New Straitsville a wide crevice extends all the way across a mile-long hill, and this is one of the favorite sight-seeing spots. Two years ago the fire crept up to the outskirts of the town, undermining the foundations of a dozen houses, which had to be abandoned. Progressing steadily, the menace has moved forward until at present it is near New Straitsville's main street.

Not long ago, it was discovered that the fire had opened a new path through a coal seam and entered a territory that had been previously considered exempt. This was one thing that made residents of the district realize the full extent of the damage the fire might ultimately cause, and they started to persuade the government to take charge of putting it out.

"Spirit Pictures" Painted in a Trance

Curious Exhibition by Artists Whose Brushes Were Guided by Spooks, They Assert, Many of Whom Had No Training in Art



"Why?" A Picture With a Pacifist Moral by the Trance-Artist Karl Koller.

OF COURSE, a spiritualist has a considerable advantage over those who do not believe in or think they have guidance from spooks. This advantage has never been of much practical use to scientists, business men, stock brokers, weather sharps, police detectives or others whose business it is to penetrate secrets of the past and the future. But when it comes to artists and painters, it would seem that the inspiration and guidance of a spirit gives them a very marked advantage over artists who have to rely upon ideas and inspirations which emanate from their own brains.

And thus it was that a recent art exhibition in the little Republic of Czechoslovakia attracted a good deal of attention because its pictures were the work of "trance" painters—artists whose brushes or crayons were guided by kindly ghosts, they said.

In that part of the world there are many spiritualists, and so the exhibition in the Clamgallus Palace at Prague filled the walls of fourteen big halls. An interesting fact in connection with the exhibition was that most of the spirit painters were not professional artists at all and had had very little or no training in drawing or painting.

They assert that they start turning out a picture without any thinking or planning in advance, and even when the picture is finished they don't know exactly what it is all about. Only much later, weeks, or perhaps months, afterwards, they get another sudden inspiration from the beyond and are able to explain then the subject and meaning of the works they have turned out.

One of the painters, for instance, was a man who was shell-shocked during the war and was afflicted with a nervous trembling, from which he still suffers. Yet in spite of this defect, when he gets a "spirit call" to paint, he quies trembles and with an absolutely firm hand begins to paint the most delicate flowers on silk, turning out work which skilled artists say they could not equal. Another "trance painter" whose case is puzzling psychiatrist is Jan Turco, a workman in the little Bohemian village of Brandeis who had a sudden inspiration to paint a portrait. It turned out to be the picture of a man, and when he had finished it he wrote under it, the name "Koller." Coming out of his trance, he could not give any explanation about the portrait or the name. He did not know anybody named Koller, and he had never been outside of his native village of Brandeis.

Nobody paid much attention to the picture until one day a visitor from Prague came to Brandeis. He heard about the "Koller" portrait and asked permission to see it. At first sight of it he exclaimed to the workman:

"Where do you meet Koller?" The trance painter said he had never seen anybody named Koller and had never heard the name before, that he remembered. Then the visitor told him the portrait was a perfect likeness of Ferenc Koller, director of the Czechoslovakian Theatre in Prague. Koller, the theatre man, is not a spiritualist, does not believe in tele-

"Study of a Satyr," by the English Artist, A. C. Spore. Whose Work Resembles That of the Trance-Painters.

A Spirit Painting of the Saviour by R. Tanager

Which Follows the Usual Conventional Portraits of Jesus.

pathy, and cannot begin to understand how the workman in the obscure little village of Brandeis could paint such an excellent picture of him. The workman declares he had never heard of Koller, is not interested in theatrical affairs and never saw a picture of Koller. But scientists investigating the case declare that he must undoubtedly have seen a newspaper or magazine picture of Koller, at some time or other in the past, and that, while he might have forgotten all about it, the name and the image remained in his subconscious mind. When he went into his "trance," which is nothing but a state of self-hypnotism, they contend, his subconscious mind did the rest.

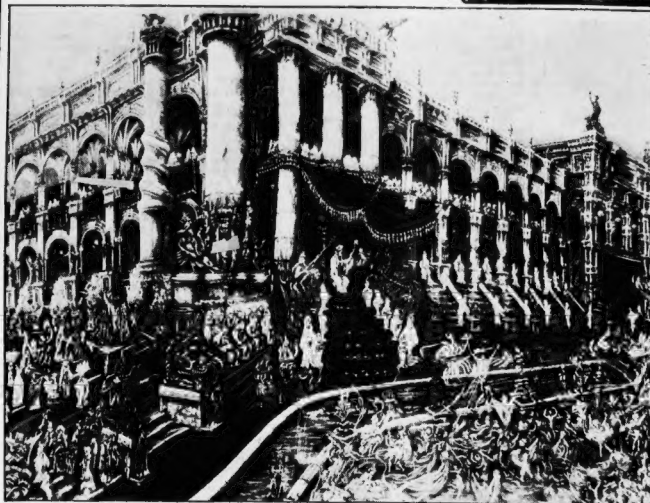
Many of the trance paintings in the Prague exhibit showed "spirit landscapes" on Mercury, Venus and Mars, the latter planet being the favorite. One of them, which is reproduced on this page, went back into the prehistoric mists to depict what the painter, Paul Kratky, calls "A Festival in Atlantis." Nobody knows what the public buildings might have looked like in this mythical "lost continent," which is supposed to have sunk into the Atlantic Ocean following a severe earthquake. The artist Kratky fills this gap in mankind's knowledge by painting a noble temple, which in architecture looks a little Greek and Roman but is

different from either.

The columns have tops that look a little like the fancy Corinthian capitals of the Greeks, but still they are unlike any other columns that appeared in classic architecture. The kind of spirit that guided the artist's hand in this picture was careful to keep him from drawing Greek, Roman or Egyptian columns, because if he did he might have been accused of "faking" the picture. However, the spirit was rather careless when he let the artist put a lot of arches in his temple. The principle of the arch was unknown to the Greeks and Egyptians and was discovered much later by the Romans. If the Romans got it from "Atlanteans," the Greeks could have got it, too. It was the Greek writer Plato who was chiefly responsible for the Atlantis legend.

However, good spiritualists will explain away this error by saying that the spirit control responsible for this picture was perhaps not an educated ghost.

Most of the pictures in the Prague exhibit have a distinct "war start," a fact which may explain why the trance painters took to trance painting in the



"A Festival in Atlantis," Painted in a Trance by Paul Kratky, a "Spirit" Helping Him to Show What the Architecture of the Mythical "Lost Continent" Looked Like.



"The Merciless Cossack," Typifying War, Rides Alongside the Railroad, Which Symbolizes the Civilization He Would Destroy.

first place—and why there are so many spiritualists in Czechoslovakia. Spiritualism has always had its greatest periods of growth following wars. There was a wave of it in the United States just after the Civil War and its great spread in Europe in recent decades has been blamed on the World War. Wars cause the untimely bereavement of countless persons who are willing to believe almost anything if they think there is hope of being put in touch with their loved ones who were killed. And the griefs and hardships of war also wreck the nervous systems of the survivors, so they are capable of believing in many fantastic things that the normal mind would dismiss as rubbish.

"Trance painters," doctors explain, are people with nervous troubles, and this is borne out by the fact that most of the spirit painters of Czechoslovakia are war veterans who were shell-shocked. The picture of the "grim reaper" in military costume sharpening his scythe is a trance painting by a former



Frau Margarethe Abe, of Berlin, as She Looks When She Goes Into a Trance to Paint Her Nightmare Pictures.

equating the "masterpieces" of the craziest ultra-modern art of Europe. Frau Abe is a woman of distinguished family, of charm and culture, who passed through a severe nervous ordeal. This doctors say, accounts for her extraordinary talent as an artist. For each picture she draws—and as the ultra-modernists draw—can also be the result of a series of lunatic asylums.

Dr. Freud of Vienna, the famous psycho-analyst, made a lot of enemies among artists when he advanced his theory that all artistic work, no matter whether it is painting, music, literature or what, is the result of a certain nervous abnormality. Imaginative, the artistic temperament, the ability to "create" and to interpret, which was which, for after all there was very little difference.

Dr. Mayr, who is professor at the College of Social Science, was formerly associated with Dr. Auguste Marie, head physician at the Asylum of Sainte-Anne, in Paris. He took great pleasure in pointing out to critics and connoisseurs that his "pupils" from the asylum had the same "primitive and modernist" tendencies that the so-called modern masters of Paris, London and Berlin showed in their canvases.

It was pointed out that while the works of the asylum talent were not as senseless as those of the great artists at large, the workmanship of the certified lunatics seemed better than that of their brethren. The explanation of this was found to be in the fact that before their mental illness and confinement, most of these asylum artists had been painters of considerable training and merit. Their insanity had clouded their minds, but their hands had not lost their cunning. In other words, they could paint a crazy idea better than an untrained sane artist could.

Some of the freak artists seen to be quite close to the borderline of lunacy. The "trance paintings" of the Czechoslovakian spiritualists the recent Prague exhibit, Professor Mayr says, adds further proof to the theory that there is a very definite connection between certain kinds of art and abnormal mental conditions.

"The Prisoner of War," a Trance-Picture by a War Veteran Which Shows the Effect His Mind Had on His Mind.

soldier, Karl Koller, the title of which is "Why." The idea of the artist seems to have been to show a lot of people doing peaceful, constructive work. And why should they keep at it if the dreadful figure of war, with his grinning death's head, should always be looming near at hand, sharpening his scythe for the next killing festival?

In another spirit picture, war is represented as "The Merciless Cossack." In this painting war is galloping alongside a very modern looking railroad track with a high power transmission line nearby and a small city in the distance. The railroad and power line, the artist explains, were used by the spirits inspiring this picture to represent progress which might as well quit kidding itself that there is any hope for anything as long as the "Merciless Cossack" is permitted to ride at large.

Another trance painting by a war veteran depicts: "The Prisoner of War." In this the artist and his spirit control tried to show the utter loneliness, isolation and despair of the countless prisoners of war whose plight many considered worse than death on the battlefield. A ragged, emaciated figure is seen shackled at the top of a lofty column, from which he can look down on the marching thousands of others who are coming to be condemned to a similar fate. The man who painted this picture was an Austro-Hungarian soldier who was a prisoner of the Russians at Murmansk, on the White Sea, for the two years, 1915-1916. The Russians did not have food and equipment enough for their own soldiers, much less their prisoners of war, and the starved soldier probably felt just as gloomy about it as the figure in the trance painting does.

Not all spirit painters are shell-shocked war veterans, nor are they all men, for that matter, as the artistic success of Frau Margarethe Abe, of Berlin, shows. This woman who never learned to draw and does not understand what she is doing when she goes into a trance and paints her nightmare pictures, has had her work praised as

Frau Margarethe Abe, of Berlin, as She Looks When She Goes Into a Trance to Paint Her Nightmare Pictures.

equating the "masterpieces" of the craziest ultra-modern art of Europe. Frau Abe is a woman of distinguished family, of charm and culture, who passed through a severe nervous ordeal. This doctors say, accounts for her extraordinary talent as an artist. For each picture she draws—and as the ultra-modernists draw—can also be the result of a series of lunatic asylums.

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Explanations By Elmer by Louis Arthur Cunningham

In Which a Quiet Youth Becomes a Man About Town After a Wild Ride in a Car That Was Out of Gas, Loaded With Champagne That Was Never Uncorked and an Actress He Had Never Seen Before. Complete in This Issue.



Kitty Stood in the Doorway. Her Eyes Grew Large as She Noticed the Gorgeous Dress on the Divan. Almost Unconsciously Her Gaze Flashed Toward a Closed Door That Led to Elmer's Den.

Elmer had gone straight home after Kitty Amery gave him the air, his life history might, at no phase, have risen to epic heights. But Elmer didn't go straight home. "So," Elmer said, staring bleakly into the moonlight that he had figured on as his staunch ally on this occasion, "so it can never be, KITT."

"I like you, Elmer," she admitted, quiet, well-behaved, decent, but—

"But rather—er—lame?"

"Well, rather."

"A bit lacking in devilishness, eh?"

"I don't know whether—"

"No matter," observed Elmer. "Not at all. It may be that I am not talented along those lines, haven't much to offer and all that. He laughed bitterly and said something epochal: "Why is it that you good and lovely girls always like the man who has a touch of the rogue and scoundrel in him, while the really wicked girls admire the Sir Galahad type?"

"Oh, I hadn't thought of that," said Kitty.

"Do you mean that—that a really wicked girl would like you, Elmer?"

"I—Elmer cleared his throat, which all this philosophy had made a bit dry. "I didn't say as much, but—Well, I'll be off, KITT. Sorry you won't marry me." He arose, leaned on his stick and stared with prophetic eyes into the moon-shadows of the garden. "Remember I shall always love you—goodbye, KITT. Goodbye."

Elmer melted away like a shadow, taking his sorrow into the night. Ordinarily, he would have taken it onto a bus, but tonight he felt the need of motion, of activity. This love of his for Kitty Amery had got to be a pretty serious thing. It had upset his placid and well-ordered existence. It had even, at times, impelled him to go to work and do big things in the world become a captain of industry or something, just for her sake. Even a stray dragon or two, slithering scallily across his path, would not give him pause; for Kitty's sake he could look at them with contempt and wring their necks easily.

"Well, it's all over now, anyway," he remarked to somebody's privet-hedge. "I must forget. Maybe I will go away."

"Do you know anything about motorcars?" The voice had a rich silvery organ tone. The car stopped in the deep shadow of a tall elm. He hadn't even noticed it.

"I beg pardon?" Elmer lifted his hat in the direction of the car.

"I say, do you know anything about cars?"

"No," said Elmer, "no you?"

She laughed softly. "I can't get the thing to go."

"I've heard of that happening," said Elmer helpfully.

"You're out of gas. It's always the gas. Have you looked?"

"I haven't." He heard the click of a key, the dash-board lights went on. "No," she said, "it shows half-full."

"Maybe it lies," said Elmer. "I'll test the tank for you."

He went to the back of the car, uncorked the cap, thrust a stick in, withdrew it and felt the tip. "Dry," he said. "Quite dry."

"Think of that!"

"It's something to think about," Elmer looked at her. She was blonde, as far as he could make out in the shadows and the leaf-filtered moonlight. She had large eyes. They were some kind of white fur about her neck. The car was a Pottier, outside a small fortune. "I see you're a girl of a service-station—at the foot of the hill. I'll trot down and have the man fetch you up a half-pint or so."

"You're awfully good," Elmer saw the gleam of teeth and felt the appraisal of her eyes.

"Not at all," he said and started off.

"Suppose we ride down," she called. "It just occurred to me."

Elmer stopped. He grinned. "I never thought of that. Of course! All you need do is release the brake."

He accepted the invitation of the open door, sank down into the vinyl leather-covered seat. There was a large paper-bag between him and her. It clicked.

She released the brake, the car rolled forward, gathered speed. It was a steep hill.

"Nuisance being without gas," observed Elmer. "Suppose now you had been stalled at the foot of a hill and the service-station was on top, instead of 'Holy Smoke'!"

A black sedan rounded the corner at the foot of the hill on two wheels, cutting far over onto the wrong side of the road. Elmer and the girl embraced each other, eyes closed. The black car side-swiped them, sent them flying ditchwards. There were lights, noises, thumps, yells. Elmer felt something wet and sticky on his face and hands. He saw the white of her fur right beside him. They were both settling on a grassy bank, her arms were still around his neck.

Men came with flash-lights. Elmer and the girl got up. They were talking loudly, these men. The lights probed about, rested on the ground, on Elmer, lingered on the girl. She was, Elmer saw, a beauty.

"What heck!" An excited voice came from behind the flash-light. "It's Marcia Merton!"

So it is! muttered Elmer. He'd seen her on the screen a dozen times. Fancy being in a wreck with Marcia Merton. Why, lots of cash would give anything to be in an earthquake with her.

"And broken champagne bottles, and the boy-friend—hey, get those cameras, quick! This is a better story than the kidnapers."

"Newspaper men!" said Elmer, alarmed. "But they're all well."

The newspaper men worked fast. They put on a fireworks display in next to no time. They had pictures of Marcia Merton and Elmer of the broken champagne bottles, of the car lying on its side.

It's no use explaining," said the rich voice of the Merton close in Elmer's ear. "I'm sorry I got you in for this. The champagne was a gift of a friend of mine, and you're a total stranger. But no one will believe it."

She was leaning on Elmer's arm. They had been pictured thus in the flash-light's glare. Elmer's nostrils thrilled to the faint fragrance of some exotic perfume. Somehow he didn't mind this situation at all. He didn't even mind the champagne in his hair. Without hesitation he told a reporter he was Elmer Wycoff. Marcia had rested on his arm.

Men from the service station, assisted by the versatile and enraptured journalists, straightened Miss Merton's car and shoved it in a gas-tank. Beyond a crumpled fender, it wasn't at all damaged. She insisted on driving Elmer home. He didn't object. Beyond this moment, possessed of some uncertain beauty, he could not and did not wait to see. The story, as reported in the Daily Wall, might not be much of a help to him. He had relatives who most certainly would not approve of seeing

There he was standing beside Marcia. It was a good picture of him. He looked, he thought, rather tall and rakish. Mrs. Billop waited for a moment hopefully, to learn if any observations were forthcoming. Elmer merely lighted a cigarette, and he could have two boiled eggs and toast and propped himself up among the cushions to read about the gay young man-about-town—that was he—and the queen of the silver-screen. Marcia Merton—about the champagne party and the wild ride.

"Without any gas," muttered Elmer, "and with the champagne corked!"

But it was a good story, the kind of story that keeps wives from their morning house-work, deprives the dog of his after-breakfast walk and fills with envy of the life rich the hearts of the busy poor. Likewise the kind of story that drives people like Mrs. Smeaton Amery to the telephone with a dark and foreboding expression.

"It is Mrs. Smeaton Amery," said a voice that must have congealed the wires and given the central-operators a cold in the head. "I have called up to say, Elmer Wycoff, that I forbid you my house from this day hence. A man who leads a double life, a man who trifles—"

"I beg pardon, Mrs. Amery. I—"

"I said, trifles"—trifles.

"Oh, trifles!"

"—with the heart of a pure and innocent girl by day, and by night consorts with notorious—"

Elmer scratched his head with the telephone and hung up. As Marcia Merton had said, "No one would believe it anyway."

Elmer had finished his first egg when the telephone rang again. This time it was Mr. James Mottram, his uncle's lawyer. Mr. Mottram was apologetic, rather adverting, yet firm. "I am sorry to inform you, Mr. Elmer, that your uncle, in view of—er—circumstances, has instructed me to tell you that your allowance is discontinued and you may expect no more from him, here or hereafter. My orders are to pay you this quarter, but no more. Very harsh, Mr. Elmer, very. I told him so. Boys, I said, will be boys, and—"

"And he didn't fall for that, Mr. Mottram?"

"Just annered at it. I'm sorry."

"Just annered, eh? So am I!"

Elmer attacked the second egg, had polished off the yolk and was just scooping out the white when the telephone buzzed again. He looked at it dubiously. He looked still more dubious when he answered—

"Barclay Knott! Why, yes, I remember you. But I haven't seen you since we were at college."

"And I'm sorry for that, Wycoff," said a hearty voice. "Damn sorry. I like to know chaps of your sort. Fellows of the old school. I want you to come up to my place for a week's shooting. You know my place, of course? Think you could come tomorrow?"



There Were Lights, Noises, Thumps, Yells. Elmer Felt Something Wet and Sticky on His Face and Hands. He Saw the White of Her Fur Right Beside Him. They Were Sitting on a Grassy Bank and Her Arms Were Still Around His Neck.

him depleted among a heap of blonde actresses and broken bottles. Just the same—

"You've been awfully sweet, Elmer," Marcia Merton smiled up at him as he stood on the pavement before the door. "Awfully kind. I hope we'll see each other again. Do look me up, won't you?"

"Yes," said Elmer. "Yes, I will."

He watched the car drive away. He picked a splinter of glass from his lapel, knocked the dents out of his hat, took a stout grip of his stick and walked around the block. This was no night for going to bed early. There was too much happening.

Like Lord Byron, or whoever it was, Elmer awoke to find himself famous. Mrs. Billop, his landlady, cook and waiters, brought in the morning papers and laid them on the table by his bed. Mrs. Billop was stout, and proportionately romantic. She looked at Elmer with a new expression as if, having waited on Jekyll for five years, she had come a moment earlier this morning and caught him before he could pull his fangs in and cease to be the demon Mr. Hyde.

"Lovely morning, Mr. Wycoff. Bright, ain't it?"

"It is," agreed Elmer, looking carelessly at the paper.

"Why, I think so, Bare. Very decent of you, I'm sure."

"Not at all. Do you suppose Marcia Merton would care to—"

"I really couldn't say," said Elmer stiffly. "Miss Merton's plans—"

"Of course," Knott chuckled understandingly. "I know. That's all right, anyway. See you tomorrow, Elmer."

"I might as well go there," mused Elmer as he hung up. "It will postpone going to work for a week or so. I wonder what I'd better go to work at."

He turned to the help-wanted page.

"Mushrooms—Grow mushrooms at home in your cellar. I haven't any cellar, so that's out. Take orders for photographs enlargements—Make money writing stories for the magazines."

Elmer shook his head. Nobody was advertising for a captain of industry.

"I'll show these people—Uncle George and Mrs. Amery and KITT—"

"Of course, KITT hadn't said anything, but her mother was for her and she must have known about it. It was a challenge to a man's mettle."

Elmer began by proving himself a terrible marksmen.

How Barclay Knott and the other guests at his shooting-ledge escaped debt from Elmer's bullets can be answered only by Divine Providence. Withal, Elmer was the guest of honor, the man of the hour. The follow-up on the champagne-vile story had gone into Elmer's pocket. It had been shown that at the age of twelve he stole crab-apples from the vicar's orchard and slept all night in a barn. He was pictured as a lion with a man whose life-story was a dark and glamorous secret peopled by heaven-knows-how-many famous and lovely women. Next, his engagement to Marcia Merton was rumored and denied.

"You're a gay devil, Elmer," said Knott admiringly.

"Why, seeing you reading 'The Lady of the Lake' in a corner of the playground at school, I never dreamed that one day—"

"Neither did I!" agreed Elmer.

"How do you do it? Or is that something that can't be divulged?"

"Right," said Elmer. "It can never be divulged. Sort of a gift, I guess—like being born with a hare-lip."

Elmer's spirits dropped with each mile that brought him nearer town. He had given a bit of thought to the capital of industry matter, but had, by taking this thought, added no cubit to the stature of his chances of being one.

But Fate was awaiting him at his lodgings—Fate wearing striped trousers and spats and bearing the name of James Mottram. Elmer scented fresh trouble. His sense of scent was good.

"My boy," said Mr. Mottram, giving Elmer one of those chastity glances that are part of every lawyer's stock-in-trade. "Prepare yourself for a shock."

"What's that, Elmer?" he began to have visions. "Your Aunt Letitia died last week in Paris."

"I didn't know her," said Elmer. "Never met her. She didn't like me. Didn't like anyone, I guess."

"She had made you her heir, you must have known. It was at the last minute, after reading about your—er—escapades. She admired you as the only Wycoff with spirit. She has made you sole heir to her house—Yvonne's, the most fashionable dress shop in the city."

"No, you don't," said Elmer. "I'm not—"

"Ten thousand a year, my boy. Congratulations."

"Well—Elmer began to have visions. "I can sell it or have some one run it for me—"

"You cannot, my dear sir. Provisions of the will. Your Aunt Letitia clearly stipulated that you must, for the period of six months assume the position of manager of Yvonne's."

"But I can't run a joint like that, I tell you."

"Joint is hardly the word, Mr. Elmer. You can, if you wish, be a sort of pension behind the throne; not come out publicly in your capacity."

"Master-mind stuff, eh?" Elmer thought deeply.

"Well, it might be done, so I don't have to fluster around the shop and speak with a French accent or call myself Yvonne. I'll take it on, Mr. Mottram. You can see the chief of staff, or whatever you call her, to me and I'll take hold."

It was hardly being what you'd call a captain of industry, still it was something. Elmer began to see that as the weeks went by and more money than he had ever dreamed of flowed into his coffers. From the sanctuaries of his rooms, Elmer was kept posted by Miss Langtry, a severe, angular female who never looked at him with the least of six months assume the position of manager of Yvonne's."

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It was hardly being what you'd call a captain of industry, still it was something. Elmer began to see that as the weeks went by and more money than he had ever dreamed of flowed into his coffers. From the sanctuaries of his rooms, Elmer was kept posted by Miss Langtry, a severe, angular female who never looked at him with the least of six months assume the position of manager of Yvonne's."

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We Went Out and Shot the Chinese Student

Almost Tragic End of a Silly College Joke When Impulsive Co-ed Lois Solved

the Mystery of Those Threatening Letters in Her Own Mind, Pursued the Startled Mr. Hing Siew Around the Campus With a Gun and Finally Put Two Bullets in Him

If the shooting of the Chinese student Hing Siew by Miss Lois Thompson had occurred in a kindergarten or a lunatic asylum instead of Northeastern State Teachers College of Tahlequah, Oklahoma, where the students are supposed to be at least of average mentality, the thing would be easier to understand.

The preposterous plot as told to a puzzled and disgusted jury, began as follows:

Miss Lois Thompson, 19-year-old co-ed, last Spring received a series of fourteen threatening letters, signed "N. S. T. C. Gang," the initials, of course, standing for the college. The notes demanded money beginning at first with only \$500 but rapidly increasing to \$1,000, with the alternative of being murdered if she didn't pay.

If Miss Thompson, who is a sophomore, had been an heiress, this might have been something to worry about. But everyone in college knew perfectly well or could find out without the least trouble in that little town of 2,500 inhabitants, that Lois' family was poor, living in a very small, inexpensive farmhouse. One does not need to have a college education to know that Federal and State tax makers, kidnapers and other extortionists only work on people with money. The poor are exempt. That is—as yet.

A child, with ordinary common sense, would realize that such letters, under such circumstances, must be a clumsy joke, a silly college hoax, but, if Lois is to be believed, she took the notes in deadly earnest, and several times went to the appointed rendezvous to meet the gang, in fear and trembling, but hoping to convince them that she could not raise the ransom.

Each time she went, though careful to obey instructions, the gang failed to keep the date. The next letter would cheerfully appoint a new meeting place without explaining why they "stood her up" on the previous one. Instead of suspecting that this alone ought to be enough to prove it was a careless hoax, the simple but terrified sophomore kept on obeying. Only when they commanded her to come alone, did she disobey from fear.

Asked if it had not struck her as absurd that an extortionist would be so dumb as to try to get money from a person who hadn't any, Lois explained that she thought they must have confused her with another Miss Thompson, daughter of the little town's mayor and supposed to be moderately wealthy. Gangsters, paid to murder someone, have been known to "bump off" the wrong man but it is almost unthinkable that in this case, in this little community where everyone was known, they would confuse the mayor's daughter with one of the poorest girls in college.

Lois apparently never had any such doubts but kept on growing more and more terrified and desperate. Finally she got a .32-caliber pistol, carried it around, convinced that her only hope was to get the drop on her oppressors and kill them before they killed her. First, it would be necessary to know who the villains were. Characters of college students vary widely and usually there are one or two with tough reputations who might be suspected of leanings toward crime, but hardly such a stupid one.

After looking them all over she picked on one of her own classmates, a person so transparently innocent and inoffensive that it would have been ludicrous but for the almost tragic results. The victim was Daniel Shaw, a Chinese student, 27 years old, whose real name is George Hing Siew.

Lois fastened on this little Celestial by a somewhat indirect process of reasoning. One of her brothers, who had taken the letters with equal seriousness, decided it was his duty to get a gun and save his sister's life by some amateur detective work. After studying the various students, he decided that a boy named John Cannon had looked at his sister with evil intentions and was otherwise acting suspiciously. So he accosted the horrified Mr. Cannon and marched him down to the police station.

There professional sleuths took charge and soon established that the youth had nothing to do with the letters. John, however, was so embarrassed that he left college without waiting for the end of the term. Lois thought the police must be right, and yet her brother could not be wholly wrong, and after due thought harmonized the conflicting opinions with startling ingenuity.

If it wasn't Cannon, then surely it must be his roommate, who happened to be the unfortunate Chinese student, Hing Siew had been enrolled at schools in several different parts of the United States because he wanted to acquaint himself with American social usages and customs generally. Interviewed at the hospital, after the shooting, he said:

"I am Chinese student in America but quiet, good boy. All Chinese students have to be good boys because, if bad boys, they will be deported, but I am good boy anyhow."

All this happened, quick, foolish, no sense, like nightmare. Lois is good girl. I only know her from sitting with her in religious classes, but she must be crazy. First her brother got bad idea to pinch my roommate who is good American boy and doesn't do anything but so ashamed now, he go home.

"Next day I go into library to read in book and Lois call me out and say she had a gun in her hand and therefore had better begin shooting before he did."

"I meant to kill him," she testified calmly. Lois told of receiving some of the letters by mail, but said that others had been found on a drinking fountain, one was handed to her by a mysterious man in a dark corridor, another had been tucked in a crack in the outhouse of her home but a considerable number were slipped into her books and papers.

"I bow and stand still as gentleman should, till lady leave," Explained Mr. Hing Siew Later—But Then He Saw That the Lady Had a Gun in Her Hand and—'I didn't have any gun. So I run. She run after and shout, 'Halt! Halt!'—and Over the Campus Racing Him and Lois Until He Fell With Two Bullets in Him.

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Hing Siew, the Chinese Student, Whom Co-ed Lois Suspected of sending Her Threatening Letters, and Therefore She Tried to Kill Him.



The Little Jail at Tahlequah, Oklahoma, Where Lois Spent Her 30 Days for Shooting Her Fellow Student.



The Attractive but Determined Face of Miss Thompson, Who Was the Victim of What Many Believed Was a Silly College Hoax.



Lois and Her Uncle, Who Stoutly Stood Beside Her During the Trial.

Jack Christy, an innocent bystander, was shot and slightly wounded by the officers one night because he was near the spot named as a rendezvous and "looked suspicious."

On the one occasion when Lois says she failed to keep the date, the note writer evidently knew it because soon came the following scolding letter:

"You did not meet me Thursday night. I thought you were going to disobey but I saw you when you got it from the office. Had another chance when you got back from office. 'Go and get money' immediately. Inform as before. They met me where county line divides it with County line. Have money as organization as paper and stay by road a left."

Have it there at 10 o'clock. When you do up and stop at cash at home to car by side of road.

Be prompt Saturday night at 10 o'clock. You are marching to the tune of death. I am the one that is beating the drum. Watch step. Last chance. Be careful how you get there.

Thus one of the last of the fourteen, was unsigned but Lois says she recognized the handwriting of the others. Detectives, the college authorities and even Federal agents solemnly investigated but, as might have been expected, found not a scrap of evidence that such a dangerous plot existed. "N. S. T. C. Gang" exists.

Yet, if Lois wrote those notes, as seems not very likely, and Lois knew about it, why did she go so far in the game as to put two bullets into Shaw and risk committing a murder? If Lois did it without letting the rest of the family into the secret, why did she let her sister become terrified and engaged to such a dangerous plot? Most of all, why did a girl bright enough to get into a college and train herself to be a teacher, fail for such a childish hoax?

The shooting of the unfortunate Mr. Hing Siew had one unusual result. During her thirty days in the Tahlequah Jail, Lois spent her time cleaning up the ancient brick structure, doing it so thoroughly that Sheriff Bishop said, "I swear, this place is the cleanest I ever saw."

Aho, she read six books and received eight hundred visitors, every one of whom was properly sympathetic. Immediately after the verdict, Mr. Hing Siew went to Honolulu. One bitten, twice shy—the Chinese take no chances.

Around The



Photograph of a Cape Buffalo Which, When Angry, Is Probably the Most Dangerous Animal in Africa.

By SEPP L. POPFINGER,
The "King of Stowaways."

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(Continued from Last Sunday.)

DESPITE the warning of the Abyssinian who saved me from death, the African jungle fascinated me and after a few days on the Senegal Coast, I ventured back into the bush and spent about two months wandering from village to village. I was careful not to hail strange caravans and I was always on the alert.

One day, when I was chatting with a Sudanese chieftain in a village about 150 miles east of St. Louis, a Boer hunter and two black boys walked into the settlement. He was as surprised to see a white man as I was and we promptly fell into a conversation during which I learned that the old Dutchman had come to this part of Africa in search of the Cape Buffalo—the nearest beast that the continent boasts.

"The Cape Buffalo," the Boer informed me, "possesses the speed of a race horse, three times the strength of a Spanish bull and an insane instinct to annihilate members of the human race. Beside hunting the Cape Buffalo, stalking lions is his child's play."

Foolishly I accepted the old fellow's invitation to join him and his pair of black boys in their quest for Africa's most dangerous game and pride prevented me from explaining that I am no expert with the rifle. Next morning we set out and, from my point of view, had the misfortune to run into a herd of the buffalo feeding in the deep jungle grass.

The Boer thrust a high-powered rifle into my hands and motioned me and the black boys to stand behind the trunk of a big mango tree.

"Look at that bull—the boss of the herd," he whispered. "That's the fellow we want. I'll shoot first. If I don't bring him down—which I probably won't—then you pump him full of lead. And for God's sake, don't miss."

Stepping out from the protection of the tree and taking careful aim, the Boer fired twice. The bull went down on his knees but was up again in an instant. One look in the direction of the tree and he came tearing through the tall grass following in rage and pain. He looked as big as a locomotive. I never have been so scared in my life.

I forgot all about the rifle in my hands and, in scurrying around the tree, dropped it. I stumbled over the Dutchman whose rear-end was disappearing in a deep depression between two of the tree's great roots.

"Quick," he shouted, "crawl in behind me, the whole herd will be upon us in another second."

Huddled together in the semi-darkness we heard a sound like the rumble of thunder.

"It's the herd," said the mighty hunter, "and I'm afraid that my boys are done for. They'd never be able to climb the tree. The trunk is too big and too smooth."

I was thinking about the terrible fate of the blacks when the entrance to our refuge was darkened and a great curving horn thrust within an inch of my chest.

I pushed back as far as I could against the body of the Boer but there just wasn't enough room in that uncomfortable prison. The flint-like tip of the horn hit my shirt from neck to waist and I felt the warm blood trickling down my chest.

"That's the bull," said the hunter. "Try to slip in beside me. If you stay there he'll slash you to mince-meat."

I managed to squeeze back another inch or two



Sepp Litch-Hikes a Little Ride in a Native Cart in Palermo, Italy, On His Way to Brindisi and Egypt.



Picturesque View of the University at Cape Town, South Africa, Which the Stowaway Photographed as He Went By.



The King of the Stowaways Photographed With a Native Boy in Africa, Who Guided Him On His Travels Through Senegal.

as the horn was withdrawn and the great snout of the beast was pushed within a few inches of my face. His hot breath stifled me as he tried to reach me with his teeth. The salty blood, spurting from the beast's nose and mouth, sprayed over me.

I struck the moist muzzle with my fist. The blow had no effect. Then I felt the man behind me moving. I saw one of his hands. It had a hunting knife in it. The hand rose and the blade of the knife ripped a great gash in the bull's leathery snout. There was a deafening bellow and the hunter and I found ourselves alone in our cramped cave.

"That ought to fix him," said the Boer. "Stick your head out and see where he went."

The bull was perhaps 50 yards from the tree, pawing the ground and shaking his great head from side to side as though he were trying to spit the pain from his mouth. The rest of the herd was behind him. In an instant we were out of our hole and the Dutchman had grabbed up the rifle that I had forgotten to use. Before he could get it to his shoulder the buffalo, true to the traditions of his fighting kind was charging toward us.

Two shots rang out and a gaping hole was blasted in the bull's lowered neck. The beast went down on his knees but was up, like a game boxer who refuses to take the count. He turned tail and with a mighty bellow leaped off into the tall grass, calling his herd to follow.

I dropped on the ground and was examining the bleeding cuts on my chest when voices, seemingly from heaven, broke the jungle stillness. Even the old hunter jumped in surprise. We looked up into the branches of the mango tree and there were the two black boys, perched like a couple of monkeys in a place that it did not seem possible human beings could get.

"Koom oop, koom oop," they cried. "Tree goot. Buffalo no can koom oop."

The old man roared with laughter as the pair of natives dropped to the ground—but he gave each of them a smart cuff on the head when he saw that their rifles, fully loaded, were still slung over their black backs.

The big game hunter, having said goodbye to the big game hunter, who headed south with his pair of black boys, I was back in St. Louis. I had had enough of the sights, sounds and smells of French West Africa and felt that a sea voyage was the thing to put me back in good spirits.

A kind-hearted German trader gave me five dollars and with this small stake in my pocket I hung about the waterfront. Tied up at one of the wharves was a British freighter—the City of Harwich. Native stevedores were hustling cargo into her hold so that she could clear that night for Cape Town. I made up my mind that I would be aboard when she steamed out past the headland and turned her bow southward.

As it turned out, this was a rash and un-

fortunate decision for the memory of my three weeks aboard that ship is burned in my mind; also tattooed on my back, by the strong arms of four of John Bull's stoutest sea dogs. I got aboard the City of Harwich by turning over all the money I had to a sailor named George. He gave me a bale and told me to walk up the gangplank with the other stevedores and follow them into the hold. Down there I was to conceal myself and keep out of sight until the ship sailed. He would manage things after that.

Once in the hold I put down my load and crawled in between two boxes. Sometime during the night I heard the anchor chains rattling in the hawsepipes and felt the throb of the engines. I knew that we were on our way.

A short time later my friend George kept his promise by sneaking into the hold and beckoning me to follow him. He led me on deck to one of the lifeboats and whispered that I was to crawl under the tarpaulin and conceal myself inside. It was his job, he said, to inspect the lifeboats and he would see to it that I got food and water every day. He slipped me a package of hardtack and a bottle of wine and warned me not to venture from my small and uncomfortable berth.

If you never have tried to make yourself comfortable in a small lifeboat, it will be hard to understand my predicament. There wasn't room enough between the seats and the bottom of the boat for me to stretch out in and the boat was filled with oars, life preservers, a big rudder and the usual paraphernalia. I didn't have room to turn around, to say nothing of making a comfortable nest.

I did, however, manage to get some sleep and it was not until late the next afternoon that George got a chance to call on me. As he passed the boat he lifted the tarpaulin, tossed in a handful of English newspapers, another bundle of hardtack and a bottle of water.

Well, I clung to my uncomfortable quarters for almost three weeks—19 days to be exact. And I checked the passing of time by the recurring hours of daylight and darkness, although little light found its way into the lifeboat. It was on the nineteenth day that the City of Harwich put into a small port, only about a day's run from Cape Town. George arrived with the usual ration of crackers and water and warned me to be especially careful until he could figure out some way to get me ashore.

On the afternoon of the next day I heard a scratching on the canvas cover of the boat. I thought it was George and I lifted the tarpaulin so that he could push my dinner in to me and exchange a few whispered words. Suddenly the canvas was pulled off the boat and I found myself staring into the surprised and unfriendly face of a seaman who laid heavy hands upon my collar and yanked me to the deck.

He hustled me roughly to the captain—a typical British skipper with eyes like the gray of a London fog and a rugged weather-beaten face. I



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pretended that I did not understand what he was saying to me and that I could not remember how I got on his ship. I tried to give the impression that I had been shanghaied aboard. But the story didn't go down. The captain shouted to four sailors working on the well deck forward and they came on the run.

"This fellow is a stowaway," he told them. "Give him the usual welcome."

Two of the seamen pushed me down the ladder to the well deck and the other two followed. Then they took off the stout leather belts around the waists of their dungarees and gave me the beating of my life. I tried to run for it, but they followed me about the rolling deck like a pack of hounds after a fox and lashed so vigorously that I fell to the deck. I was so angry at this unnecessary cruelty that I got up and tried to fight back. But I was too weak to do any damage.

The sailors belayed me until I wept with pain and chagrin. Then one of them tossed me against the deckhouse and looked up to the skipper for further instructions.

"I guess that'll do," said the skipper. "Lock him up in the oil locker until we dock. Then we'll turn him over to the police and let them worry about him."

I guess it was about three or four hours later that the freighter dropped anchor in the harbor of Cape Town. The engines stopped and presently I heard the panting of winches and the creak of booms taking the cargo from the hold and transferring it to lighters.

I was so exhausted that I slept, or at least sank into a stupor, from which I was awakened by someone shaking my shoulder. In the dim light I saw that it was George. He whispered that I was to be quick. We stole on deck and made our way cautiously to the stern. The sailor slid down a rope into a rowboat and motioned me to follow him. I was so weak and sore that I feared to make the descent—but I managed to drop into the boat beside George who lost no time in pulling for the shore.

Fortunately for us there was not a star in the sky and the darkness covered us like a blanket. The bow of the boat scrubbed against the pilings of a dock and George helped me up.

"I wouldn't do this for most blokes," he whispered as I shook his hand and thanked him, "but you never split a word when you were taking that beating and that saved my blooming neck. Goodbye and good luck."

With long, powerful strokes, the sailor pulled back toward the freighter. I watched the boat vanish in the darkness and then trudged painfully up the dock and towards the lights of the city set on the very tip of Africa. I slept that night on a couple of bales beside a waterfront warehouse

World On \$1.50~

How 17-Year-Old Sepl Managed to Travel 70,000 Miles as a Stowaway on Ships and Airplanes, Visiting Odd Corners of the Earth With Many Unpleasant Adventures



One look in the direction of the tree and he came tearing through the tall
ave been so scared in my life.
herd still be upon us in another second. And we squeezed into a depression
red and a great cuning horn thrust within an inch of my chest. The
rm blood trickling down my chest."

and set out soon after daybreak to have a look at
Cape Town. Almost immediately I ran into a
policeman whose keen eye saw my disheveled
clothes and the three weeks growth of beard that
sprouted from my chin.

I tried my best to convince him that I was an
honest and well-meaning traveler and no menace
to the peace of the Union of South Africa. I told
him that I had been working on a farm up Johan-
nesburg way and had hitch-hiked the 800 miles to
Cape Town. And he told me that I was no orna-
ment to the city and to be out of the place before
the sun set.

The citizens, fortunately for me, were much
more friendly than the cops, and once I was well
outside the city limits of Cape Town my progress
was pleasant and fast. The South Africans, like
the English and the Americans, understand the
meaning of the raised hand and the jerked thumb
—the universal gesture of the hitch-hiker.

Twelve days from the time I set out from Cape
Town I was in Johannesburg, having averaged
something like 75 miles a day. I don't believe I
walked more than 50 miles during the whole
interesting journey. Once or twice I bunked in a
barn, but I was able to do most of my sleeping
while rolling along the road in passenger auto-
mobiles or in trucks.

Once in Johannesburg I went directly to the
German consul who was much interested in the
story of my ambition to go around the world in my
own informal way and who reached into his purse
and gave me five dollars with his best wishes. He
warned me, however, that the police in this city
were no more friendly to wayfarers than the cops
in Cape Town and that I had better be on my way
after a quick tour of the African metropolis.

Foolishly I failed to take his advice. For three
days I roamed about the city and was beginning to
feel very cocky and carefree. With some of the
money that the consul gave me I had my suit
cleaned and pressed, indulged in the luxury of a
shave and topped off the outfit with a new and
well-fitting cap. It was my silly notion that the
police would never recognize me as a vagrant
visitor to their fair city.

Early on the fourth day a sharp-eyed copper
stopped me and, after a few moments of conver-
sation, spotted me for a German. Would I be good
enough to show him my passport? I fished about
in my pockets and knapsack and finally explained
that I must have lost it, or left it at my hotel.

"What hotel?" the policeman inquired.

In my confusion I couldn't recall the name of
one of the hostleries in Johannesburg. Well, to
make a short story shorter, I was escorted to police
headquarters and after making a clean breast of
my situation to the captain was locked up in a cell.

Four days later the barred door was unlocked

company and see that I didn't take it into my head
to drop off at some way station—which I certainly
would have done had I been free to plan my own
itinerary.

The policeman was a nice enough chap and he
told me that his orders were to put me aboard the
first ship going north. He hoped I would have a
pleasant voyage. Back in Cape Town, I was taken
to police headquarters where arrangements were
made for my deportation. Two hours after I
stepped off the train there I was headed, with my
friend, the plainclothes man, for the waterfront.
My heart sank when we stopped before a
freighter that looked strangely familiar. It was
the City of Harwich, the same ship on which I had
paid for three weeks in a lifeboat with the worst
beating that it has been my misfortune to take—
and I have taken plenty of punishment.

The stony-faced, gray-eyed skipper indulged
in something like a smile when I was taken to his
cabin.

"Well, well," he said, "I didn't expect to have
the pleasure of your company on the home voy-
age."

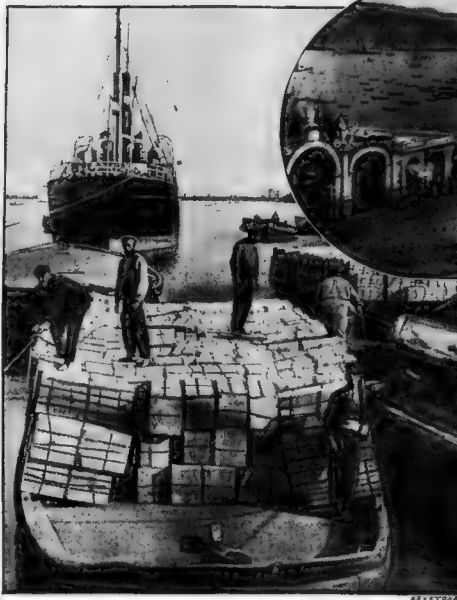
Recalling the cramped and painful quarters of
the lifeboat, the cruel lashing at the hands of four
of the ship's husky crew and the hours spent
locked up in a closet reeking with oil fumes, I re-
frained from a wise-cracking retort to this sar-
castic greeting.

The captain told me that I would be put off the
ship at St. Louis. He predicted that the French
police would see to it that I continued my travels
from there without much of a stopover. During
the three weeks' voyage on the City of Harwich
I would be permitted to show my appreciation for
the ride by performing odd bits of labor.

Odd bits of labor, indeed! Almost from the
time the freighter steamed out of Cape Town until
the moment I staggered down the gangplank in
St. Louis I was kept busy. It seemed that I was
scrubbing decks, washing paint, peeling potatoes
or shoveling coal in the boiler room twenty-four
hours a day, although I did manage to catch a
little sleep between jobs.

However, the voyage from Cape Town to St.
Louis was better than the trip from St. Louis to
the tip of the Dark Continent, for I did have a
bunk to stretch out in and there were no beatings.
I had no desire to put in any more time in St. Louis
and I knew that the police would certainly consider
it their duty to speed my departure, so I stuck
close to the waterfront and had the good luck to
find a German freighter in port—the S. S.
Hamburg.

The captain of this ship was much interested
in some of the stories I told him and, although he
had little respect for stowaways, he thought that
the Brits had been too hard on me. His ship,
he said, was going to Germany by way of the
Canary Islands. I should be his guest.



Scene in the Harbor of Valencia, Spain.

The second day after I had landed back in
St. Louis I was again on the high seas, this
time traveling somewhat in the manner of a
gentleman, and bound for the historic Cana-
ries—the Fortunate Isles, as the mariners of
the fifteenth century named them. My friend
the captain painted such a pleasant picture of
the islands that I decided to stop off there in-
stead of staying on the ship until it docked in
my native land.

This was one of the wisest and luckiest deci-
sions that I ever made because these isles off the
coast of northwest Africa are about as close to
Paradise as any place on earth can be. Life was
so pleasant there that I stayed more than three
months.

From the port of Las Palmas, where I bade
goodbye to the master of the Hamburg, I roamed
all over the island of Grand Canary and, eventu-
ally sailed over to the nearby island of Tenerife.
With a small amount of money that the skipper
gave me I had more of my cards printed. Thou-
sands of tourists were traveling over the cloud-
capped mountains and through the verdant val-
leys, bright and fragrant with flowers. They
seemed to have plenty of money and inclined to
spend it.

Before I had been on Grand Canary a week,
my supply of cards was gone and I had plenty of
silver to jingle in my pockets and to pay for food
and lodgings at restaurants and hotels. I had more
cards printed and so, to use a good American ex-
pression, went on living the life of Riley. The
police were as amiable as the tourists and never
molested me.

When I had been in the Canaries three months
the urge to be on the move came upon me again
and, although I had more than enough cash to pay
my way to some European port, I decided that I
was getting soft and forgetting that one does not
find much adventure in traveling in the manner of
sight-seeing tourists. I began haunting the busy
docks at Las Palmas and looking over the craft
loading and unloading cargo. This time I picked
a Spanish freighter which had stopped at the
Canaries with a cargo of Brazilian wool. A few
words with a stevedore informed me that the ship
was bound for Valencia, Spain, and that, with good
weather, it would arrive there in five days.

That night I stole up the gangplank and found
my way to the hold. I ripped the burlap cover from
the top of a bale of wool and established myself
comfortably so that the burlap concealed me. The
weather was hot and the sweat ran down my face
and soaked my clothing, but I thought it best not
to seek the cooler atmosphere of the deck.

I had filled my knapsack with bananas—one
of the chief products of the Canary Islands—and,
although the diet became a bit monotonous and
thin before the five days were up, I managed to
make it do until the ship was safely tied up at a
Valencia wharf. I had no trouble at all getting
out of the hold and off the ship without being
discovered and I am sure that no one on the
freighter guessed that they were carrying a free
passenger down among the bales of wool.

From Valencia, which is about halfway up the
coast of Spain on the Mediterranean side, I hopped



View of Tenerife Harbor, Canary Islands, Where Sepl Enjoyed Him-
self During Quite a Protracted Visit.



The Stowaway Photographed in the Main Street of
St. Louis, West Africa, Just Before He Helped
Himself to a Free Trip to Cape Town.

my way from one end of the country to the other.
Hitch-hiking and riding the rods of freight trains,
I kept moving for three long and pleasant months.
I stayed in quiet fishing villages beside the sea and
in little towns nestled high up in the mountains. I
missed none of the big cities—Madrid, Toledo and
Barcelona, which was my point of take-off for
other parts.

Crossing the Pyrenees I found myself in
southern France. It took me only four days to
move north into Switzerland. Although Switzer-
land is not far from my home in Bavaria I never
had been there, so I took my time enjoying the
marvelous mountain scenery. I was so fascinated
by the beauties and climate of St. Moritz, after
months spent in the heat of countries to the south,
that I tarried there a full month, even though I
found it necessary to spend most of the money I
had picked up in the Canary Islands from the sale
of my cards.

Early in October the wanderlust hit me again
and because it would soon be winter I decided to
turn my steps back southward. I crossed the
Swiss-Italian frontier and hitch-hiked all the way
to Rome where I suddenly conceived the notion
that it would be a highly interesting experience to
meet Mussolini.

Meeting the Duce was a much easier business
than I imagined it would be. Armed with a note
from an official of the German legation I presented
myself at the palace where the dictator of Italy
has his spacious offices. I passed through several
sets of armed guards and finally found myself in a
lavishly furnished ante-room adjoining Mussolini's
suite.

I had been sitting there about half an hour
wondering, a little uneasily, what I would say to
this twentieth century Caesar when a secretary
came up to me and informed me that I was to fol-
low him. I passed through a door into one of the
biggest rooms that I have ever seen. In the far
corner of the room was a huge, flat-topped desk
and behind it stood Mussolini. It seemed half a
mile to that desk.

Because of the many pictures I had seen of
Italy's powerful No. 1 man I expected him to greet
me with growling and curt impatience. I did the
man a great injustice. I found myself shaking one
of the chunkiest and strongest fists in all my ex-
perience and looking into a pair of smiling and
friendly black eyes.

"Sit in that chair there," said my host in per-
fect German, "and tell me about yourself."

For fifteen minutes the man at Italy's throttle
leaned back and let me relate some of the things
that happened to people who aspire to travel about

(Continued on Page 23).



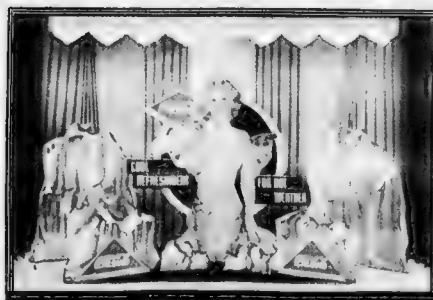
When the weather is hot, don't take it hard. Take it easy,—with an ice-cold "pause that refreshes" at a cool and cheerful soda fountain.

Ice-cold at fountains every day in the year

Here's the answer to Mark Twain's protest that nobody ever does anything about the weather. Right now...somebody, somewhere is pausing for the wholesome, energy-giving refreshment of ice-cold Coca-Cola, and forgetting the heat. Try it yourself, and you'll make your own weather forecast,—*fair and much cooler.*



This window display tells you that your search for a cool spot is ended. Inside the store ice-cold Coca-Cola is waiting to cool you.



You'll find a touch of December wherever you see this window display. At the soda fountain inside, Coca-Cola is cold,—ice-cold.

Coca-Cola is a pure drink of wholesome, natural products, with no artificial flavor or coloring...complying with pure food laws all over the world.

5¢

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

The Girl With Men Said About by Maysie Greig



"You poisoned him!" Otella Cried, Her Face Flaming, Her Eyes Blazing With Fury. "Oh, you devil! Why did you?"

(Continued from Page 14)

in the restaurant when she hadn't had sufficient money to meet the bill. She had heard the nice old man call the beautiful girl Delia. Yes, she had been beautiful, but how hard had been her smile, how cruel and stinging the insults she had hurled at Otella!

So Robin knew someone called Delia, too. What an odd coincidence. But why should he speak of her so frequently? Had he loved her? Otella felt a pang of jealousy stir in her heart. She was ashamed of it, but it was there nevertheless.

Delia. Delia. Otella felt she could scream when he muttered that name. It gave her a strange sense of fear. But that was nonsense. Delia, whatever she had been to him, was now out of his life forever. She was sure of that.

Robin's illness had taken the last of their scanty supply of money. Bills were accumulating alarmingly. The doctor hadn't been paid, nor the chemist and Frau Schwartz, the fat landlady, had been getting very unpleasant. "You are to get my money, hein?" she demanded angrily, one bright morning as Otella went out listlessly to get in a few supplies. "Madame, always she say tomorrow—but do tomorrow never comes!"

There was a sudden scowl on her face and a resolute tone in her voice.

Otella forced a smile. "But I promise it will be tomorrow this time, Frau Schwartz," she said conciliatingly. "I know you have been very patient. But our money—from America, hasn't come yet."

She knew it was a lie. Robin and she were expecting no money from America, nor had they any hope of getting any. But Otella was terrified that Frau Schwartz would put them out. It might mean death to Robin in his present condition. Besides, where were they to go?

No, somehow she must get that

money by tomorrow. But where—and how? She didn't dare mention it to Robin. The worry of it might make him worse. But that afternoon, since he was considerably better, she told him that she was going out for a walk. "To get some air and exercise," she told him. "I really need it, dear."

"Of course, sweetheart," he agreed instantly. "How selfish of me not to have insisted upon it before. You've been so wonderful to me since I've been ill. I shall never be able to thank you. She felt his hand tighten upon hers. He raised it to his lips and pressed a lingering kiss on her soft white palm. "Bless you, darling," he said huskily.

Otella found her eyes swimming with tears. He was ever so dear.

"I brought it all upon you, Robin," she said brokenly. "Nonsense, ang-i, I brought it upon myself," he laughed shakily. "Don't you worry your pretty little head about it."

"I thought of looking for a job while I was out," she hazarded, keeping eyes averted from his. "It would give me something to do in the daytime, you know, and there's our rent."

"Has Frau Schwartz been complaining?" Robin asked quickly. "Oh, no," she said hastily. "She says she'll wait until you're better. All she said is I should like to try and get work... You don't mind... Please don't mind, Robin."

But Robin did mind. For one thing it hurt his manhood that the girl he loved should be forced to go out and work in this strange foreign city. For another, he was desperately afraid when Otella went out at all.

He knew that Boris would stop at nothing to get Otella back again. He had agents and spies everywhere. Otella was no match for his cunning. He would employ all sorts of underhand means, as he had when the man Josef had had Robin poisoned. He knew he wouldn't breathe free until

he had taken Otella safely back to America.

But in the meantime here he was lying in this cursed state of helplessness. He would have sent Otella back without him, had he been able to do so. But there was none of his money. But there was none. He fretted and swore to himself, but for the present he could do nothing about it.

Even he did not realize how desperately broke they were. During the last few days until he was discharged of their scanty resources. She didn't tell him that every penny of their money was gone—that starvation faced them unless she could get work.

"If you want to, just to help out for a few days until I'm up again," he said reluctantly. "But, Otella, sweetheart, be careful where you go. At least, wherever my dear, you mustn't go back to that cabaret." His frank young eyes hardened suddenly. "I couldn't stand the thought of your dancing before the eyes of all those men... You must promise me that, darling."

"I wouldn't want to go back to the cabaret," she smiled. "It's a dispirited little figure on a street corner, standing to realize that. She had tried everywhere, at least everywhere she could think of trying. But no one was willing to give her a chance.

She was faced with the thought of returning home with no money and no prospect of getting any. She shivered at the thought of facing Frau Schwartz with an empty purse. She had sensed from the woman's tone that morning that she need expect no mercy.

She continued to stand there, sick with despair, staring vacantly across the street. It had grown dark, one by one the lights of the great city were popping up, throwing wavering beams of light into the encroaching darkness.

Suddenly she was conscious

that a name had become illuminated in the night; a name that was familiar; a name that she felt somehow had been at the back of her thoughts even as she stood there.

The Blue Cabaret. The cabaret where so much of importance had happened in her life. Where she had first met Boris, where Boris had kindled her infatuation by the glimmer that surrounded him. Was it an omen that she should suddenly see that name now, when all else had faded her?

She fingered her empty pocket-book in an agony of indecision. To enter that cabaret would be against Robin's express wish. But what else was there for her, where else to try? Besides, the manager might give her a job selling cigarettes, being in the cloak-room. In a resolution born of despair she hurried across the road.

Outside the door of the cabaret she paused. The entire front was covered by enormous posters advertising a new attraction. Since some of them were in English, to attract tourists, she was able to read them.

"Tonight, Tonight. Come and see the famous mystery star. The Girl With the Golden Mask. Who is she—the girl of whom all Paris and Berlin are talking? Proclaimed the most beautiful girl who has ever appeared in a cabaret. Come and judge for yourself. See the Golden Mystery Girl dance tonight!"

"I wonder who she is," Otella thought. "She certainly sounds thrilling. If I get a job here I shall be able to watch her dance tonight."

The thought cheered her and she hastened inside. The doorman knew her and took up her name to Herr Hartman at once. Standing there, waiting to be admitted to the manager's private office, she wished that she didn't look so shabby.

Her hair, which had been drenched with rain, her little felt hat, although she wore it at a slight deprecating angle, was faded. Still, it didn't matter. He would probably see all the more how desperately she was in need of the job.

When Herr Hartman at last descended to admit Otella, she saw that he was desperately worried about something. His brow was puckered, his eyes distracted. It was a moment before he seemed even to be aware that Otella was standing before him.

"So?" he said at last. "The little American girl has come back to us, eh? The Prince has grown tired of those red lips and those starry eyes. Ah, and here he should be! Fat, stupid as Otella, these titled lovers are no good to you girls. Very pretty while it lasts. But that's never long, as, no doubt, you've found out for yourself, my dear."

A slow flush had risen to her cheeks. So he thought that Boris had been her lover, that now he was tired of her! It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him hotly that Boris had married her, when she stopped herself.

Wasn't it really better for him to think what he did, even if it was to her reputation? Mightn't the manager conspire with Boris to have her sent back? Besides, to explain that she was married would necessarily lead her into further explanations. And Otella shrank from that.

The manager took her deep flush for confirmation. "You take my advice, girlie," he said, not unkindly. "Play around with these fine fellows, if you like, but don't give them too much in return. It never pays. I guess you were too soft, that was your trouble. For look, here you are back again in no time and you don't look as though you had a cent to your name!"

Of fishermen, who all befriended him. But across on the Pool side, as he sat, he saw dogs and Nero likes to play with them. To walk around the Basin means a dog trot of about four miles, while across the channel is only about 200 feet.

So Nero swims! The strange thing, however, is that he goes first to the edge of the bank and ascends the stage of the tide. If it is a changing in the water far out toward the entrance of the Gut and plunges in. He swims across the tidal flow, the current, or along, but he lands just before being carried into the Basin. If the tide is sweeping out, he walks along the shore of the Basin and figures so he will land on the beach near the Pool wharf and just avoids being swept back into the sea.

His cleverness in his planning for the force of the tide is almost uncanny, and he has never missed yet in his reckoning.

Otella was bound to admit that there was some justice in that. "I was wondering why you could give me some sort of work, perhaps in the cloak-room," she faltered.

"Hum...ah...we'll see," the man said slowly. He paced the floor. Suddenly he stood still. He ran a hand through his hair, making it stand up in wild disorder.

"I have it! I have it!" he exclaimed, and in his excitement he rushed up to the bewildered girl and wrung both her hands.

"You shall save the day. It seems to me that you have been sent to me by the very gods themselves. You, my dear, shall be the Girl With the Golden Mask, the mystery girl of whom all Paris and Berlin are talking! You shall dance tonight as you have never danced in your life before. You shall electrify Vienna. You shall dance your way to fame tonight!"

As he had been talking rapidly, breathless, he had been standing at him with growing incredulity.

She—the Golden Girl, why he must be mad! "I don't understand," she stammered, as he paused for breath. "Don't you?" he said. "Then I will explain—everything! You see how I have advertised this world-famous artist, who insists on keeping her identity a mystery. Who will appear only masked?"

She nodded slowly in the pause, and he went on: "I had engaged her for her first night, for the month, I have sold out every seat, I dare not disappoint my clients. Then, what should happen? This girl, blame her, sends me a telegram to the effect that she will not appear. She has suddenly got married and is leaving the stage for good. I only had the wire an hour ago. It is too late now to make other arrangements. No, the Golden Mystery Girl shall appear at my cabaret tonight, and she shall be you!"

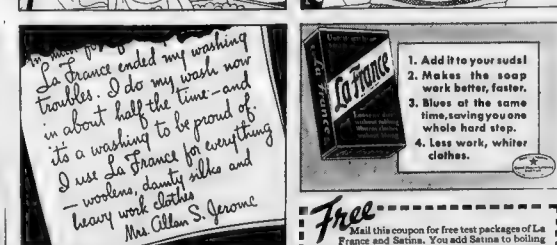
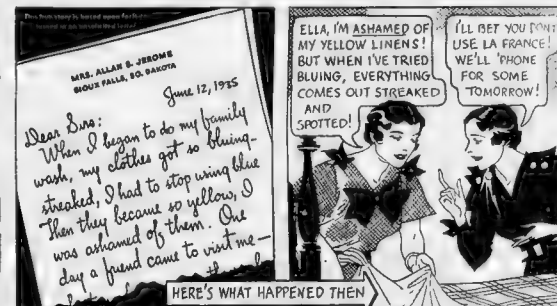
"What!" gasped Otella. She felt her head spin. Did he mean that she should impersonate this world-famous dancer? But how absurd, she couldn't do it. Any-

how, she would be recognized. In a dazed way she tried to explain this to the impatient man. But he wouldn't listen to her.

"Only a very few people in the whole world know her true identity," he said rapidly. "No one here in Vienna. I had her assurance for that when I booked her. Don't you see how simple it is, especially since you shall wear a mask of glittering golden sequins. The audiences will be told that you are the famous mystery dancer, and they will believe it. One girl will be the same to them as another, and you are golden, my dear, with that wonderful hair of yours! You must consent. It will save my reputation. Besides there is money in it for you. Consent and I shall pay you what I was going to pay her, three hundred dollars a week!"

Three hundred dollars a week! Otella's head spun for the second time during the last few minutes. Why, it was a fortune. Here was

(Continued on Page 18)



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AT YOUR GROCER'S
La France is never more than 10 cents. Enough for three average washings. If you are not delighted with the way it safely helps your favorite soap and saves you extra work and trouble of a bluing rinse...if it fails to give you an easier, whiter wash in either tub or machine...your grocer will cheerfully refund your money!
La France is safe for any fabric colored clothes look bright. Washing machine makes endows it. Ask your grocer for La France today, or use coupon at right.

Free
Mail this coupon for free test packages of La France and Seta. You add Seta to boiling starch. It makes your iron glide easier. La France and Seta are products of General Foods. Mail coupon in envelope or paste on postcard. Or write postcard addressed to:
GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich.
Send me free test packages of La France and Seta.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
(Print name and address—fill in correctly.)

The Dog Who Would a Swimming Go

A FEW days ago Clifton Dean, of Camden, Maine, took his family, his hound dog, Jack, and a friendly police dog on a picnic to Dark Harbor, a little archipelago in Penobscot Bay.

Evidently the two dogs liked Dark Harbor, for, when Dean and the others were ready to return to Camden the animals could not be found anywhere. After a long search they returned without them.

But the next day Dean came back and did locate the police dog, although Jack apparently had vanished. A few Summer folk had noted the two dogs together then only the police pup Discomolate, because Jack was a great pet, Dean returned to Camden.

Four and a half days later a gaunt, bedraggled, soaking-wet dog dragged himself into the Dean yard and flopped on the grass. It was Jack!

There seems to be no shadow of a doubt that he had swum the way back, a dense fog covered the sea. The most careful inquiry failed to disclose that Jack hadn't or possibly boatman had given the dog a lift, while his worn-out condition and soaking hair indicated that he is the dog marathon champion of Penobscot Bay.

In the first two or three miles out of Dark Harbor on the way to Camden there are two or three small islets and ledges. The theory of the Dean family is that Jack swam from one of these to another and then rested until he had regained strength enough for the final dash. But from Dean's Island and Sherman Point there is not even a half-tide ledge where Jack could have placed his feet. And it is a long four-mile swim!

Still further to complicate this unusual feat of canine intelligence and endurance is the fact

that, during three of the days in which Jack was negotiating his way back, a dense fog covered the sea. The hound's nose must have been his unfailing compass. After several days of rest the hound showed a strong disinclination to move about, and it was a fortnight before he had fully recuperated.

At Biddeford Pool, a narrow Gut between the Pool and Hill's Beach, the entrance to the harbor. This passage is perhaps, 1,000 feet long, and when the main or pool is filling on an incoming tide, or emptying on an outgoing one, the current is very strong and swift. Lobstermen say that he has never been able to row a boat successfully against it, and even the sturdy little power boats can several times force their way through.

There lives on the Hill's Beach side a shaggy, good-natured dog named Nero, who belongs to a fisherman, or rather to a group

of fishermen, who all befriend him. But across on the Pool side, as he sat, he saw dogs and Nero likes to play with them. To walk around the Basin means a dog trot of about four miles, while across the channel is only about 200 feet.

So Nero swims! The strange thing, however, is that he goes first to the edge of the bank and ascends the stage of the tide. If it is a changing in the water far out toward the entrance of the Gut and plunges in. He swims across the tidal flow, the current, or along, but he lands just before being carried into the Basin. If the tide is sweeping out, he walks along the shore of the Basin and figures so he will land on the beach near the Pool wharf and just avoids being swept back into the sea.

His cleverness in his planning for the force of the tide is almost uncanny, and he has never missed yet in his reckoning.

I'M FEATURING
THIS TEA NOW
Your Grocer



If you made your
TEA from MAPLE LEAVES
you'd surely pick them
young and tender!



YOU'RE not going to try making tea from maple leaves—but, if you did, you'd choose the leaves carefully. You'd certainly want tender, fragrant young leaves picked in the spring—not old, coarse, weather-beaten leaves picked in the fall.

Now, for a short time, your grocer is offering you a special inducement to pick your tea leaves with the same care. What you get in a package of tea is the

leaves of the tea plant. What you get in TENDER LEAF TEA is the choice, young leaves. Try this tea now, while your grocer is featuring it!

Scientific tests of 14 leading brands of tea showed that only one other brand (considerably more expensive) equaled Tender Leaf Tea in aroma. The remaining brands had as little as one-sixth the aroma.

Increased aroma means increased en-

joyment—yes, and more: It means that you get more of a "lift" from Tender Leaf Tea. It is now known that part of the bracing effect of tea comes from extra oxygen. After you've had tea, your blood carries more oxygen through your brain and tissues. This continues for two to three hours. The extra oxygen makes you more alert, more alive.

The aromatic substances in tea help produce this oxygen effect. So Tender Leaf Tea, rich in aroma, gives you an additional "lift" . . .

Your grocer's "special" on Tender Leaf Tea applies to both sizes. Accept his offer now. You'll find tea—either hot or iced—a more bracing and delightful drink than ever before!

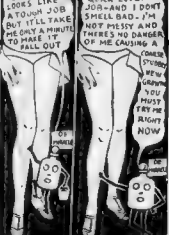
Copyright, 1915, by Standard Brands Inc.

How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair

In 3 Minutes

Without Making It Grow

Faster, Coarser or Stubber



BEFORE AFTER

Hair Simply Falls Out

This Easy, New Way

NO RAZOR! No dread of rasping. No stinging, no irritation, no growth. No more pastes or powders; all so terribly offensive odor, strong enough to smother up your whole house. Instead, a marvelous liquid discovery, entirely new in modern science, that makes hair fall right out and leaves "no dark hair, no shadow." A new, quick, "no more" way that is as easy as washing your face. It is a "no more" way that simply causes the hair grow faster, stiffer, coarser because it actually stops the growth of hair itself. See the skin. It is as smooth as silk. The skin, smooth as a cloud, hair-free skin.



Just do this

And get rid of ugly leg or arm hair entirely without encouraging a coarser, stubble-like new growth.

What To Do

There are just two simple new things to do. First, get skin fairly clean. Then, take a little of the "Miracle" and rub it over the skin. It is a "no more" way that simply causes the hair grow faster, stiffer, coarser because it actually stops the growth of hair itself. See the skin. It is as smooth as silk. The skin, smooth as a cloud, hair-free skin.

Will You Make This No Risk Test?

Will you test DE MIRACLES without making any money? Then, a bottle of DE MIRACLES is at your disposal for 10 days. If you like it, you can buy more. If you don't like it, you can return it for a full refund. No risk at all.

Make Hair Fall Out

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

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Keeps Skin Young

Mercolized Wax

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Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

The Girl Men Taked About by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 16)

she without a cent in her purse and thus she was offering her three hundred dollars a week. She could have Robin properly taken care of, boy him all the medicines the doctor recommended, then, very soon she would have enough money to take them both back to America. All these thoughts fled better and skelter through her brain. But the next moment she had pulled herself up short. There was her promise to Robin that she wouldn't dance in a cabaret. She couldn't get around that. "I'm afraid I couldn't do it," she told the man. "Not possibly. Couldn't you give me some other sort of job?"

But Herr Hartman's face hardened. "If you will not help me out in this, I will give you no work of any kind," he said resolutely. Otella's heart sank. What was she to do? On the one side was this magnificent offer, on the other was starvation for both herself and Robin.

"You only need take it for a week, if you like," the man implored. "Even a few days." Just to help me out. Look! he rushed eagerly over to his desk and returned with a handful of bills. "You shall have this as an advance, only consent."

It was the actual sight of all that money which proved Otella's mind. That money would mean so much to Robin and herself. And she felt actually hungry. So must he, poor darling, and they had no money in the house, not even money to buy food with.

Would a few nights, as he suggested, matter? Surely, surely not. Why not take this wonderful chance? She need not tell Robin till afterwards, when he was better. He would understand and forgive her, then. She convinced herself of that.

Otella drew a long breath. "All right, I'll do it," she said.

CHAPTER XIII.

OTELLA sat in the little dressing room at the Blue Cabaret, preparing for the great moment when she would appear as the famous masked dancer. Her hands shook as she applied the make-up to her face. She was shaking all over with tense excitement.

Tonight she was to impersonate a star who was world-famous. Could she get away with it? She must. She couldn't let Herr Hartman down. Not after she had actually accepted an advance on her salary from him.

What a god-send the money had been. She had paid Frau Schwartz, whose fat face had creased in smiles. Couldn't she help the lady? Do some cooking for her, perhaps.

Otella had brought a chicken dinner for Robin's supper. The appetizing landlady volunteered to cook it. Otella let her, explaining that she had to go out that night. What hurt so was having to lie to Robin. But she didn't feel that he was in a fit state to be told the truth. Averting her eyes, she confessed to having taken a job in the cloak-room at the Blue Cabaret.

Robin grinned. "I don't like it, Otella, but I suppose I'll have to put up with it until I can get up and get to work myself. But I mind, dear, I don't want you to go onto the dance floor."

She turned her face away as that he shouldn't see the flush that had risen to her cheeks. She was almost on the point of confessing to him when she stopped in sudden panic. Supposing he wouldn't let her go through with it? How should they live?

As she reddened her lips she glanced up at the little clock on the mantelpiece. It was almost time for her to go onto the stage. She sprang off the stool and glanced at herself critically in the mirror. The man's face gave back a stunning reflection.

Never had Otella looked so lovely as she did that night. The dress was of golden, short, frayed, tight bodice, brocade skirt. It seemed to intensify the youthful beauty of her slight, perfectly rounded little body.

The light showed off to perfection her gracefulness, her suppleness of limb.

Her next white shoulders, her pretty arms with the rounded, dimpled elbows, were here and gleamed ivory under the electric light. Her sweet oval face was flushed with eagerness, her eyes shone like moonbeams.

The manager had earlier in the evening, sent a famous hair-dresser into her room. Now her golden hair, perfectly arranged, stood up about her face like a burning halo. She was a sight to make any man gasp.

"Very pretty, my dear. Very



Robin (red, "Otella") and staggered towards her.

pretty, indeed," Herr Hartman's voice came from the doorway. "I am sure that not even the famous Golden Girl herself is more beautiful than you are tonight. You will be a sensation. Tomorrow your name will be on the lips of every man."

"You are so beautiful as it is. Are you ready?" "Yes," said Otella. She caught her breath. She felt her knees shaking under her.

She picked the small mask of glittering gold sequins off the dressing table and adjusted it. Thank heavens it did not veil her identity! Should any of those agents be in the audience she doubted if they would recognize her. The thought gave her courage.

"You must dance as you have never danced before," Herr Hartman whispered as he led her to the side door. "There are many distinguished and important personages here tonight! Now, ready, my dear, and good luck to you!"

"Ladies and gentlemen," Otella heard a voice announcing. "Allow me to present to you the world-famous Golden Mystery Girl. She who holds the hearts of Paris and Berlin..."

A low rumbling of the orchestra. The lights were lowered. A dazzling spotlight of crimson came down from the ceiling. It changed gradually to a bewildering, blinding gold. Otella forced herself to run onto the dance floor.

The applause was deafening. Men put down their glasses and stared. She looked like some golden nymph. Could such beauty of form be real? "Ah," they murmured to one another. "Now we understand her fame. She is divine!"

Then Otella commenced dancing. She danced with a quick grace of motion, an amazing dexterity, a fire of liveliness, such as had never been seen in Vienna before. And, for good measure, she was like a packet of freerackers to which someone had suddenly lighted a fuse. The floor seemed to have become red hot beneath her feet, for her golden sandals seemed scarcely to touch it.

In the next, she was like a reed waving to the idem of the wind. The applause at the conclusion was deafening. Men jumped up from their tables and shouted their acclaim. Hundreds of glasses were raised and her toast was drunk. Men whispered eagerly that the Golden Girl had had tonight the greatest success of her career.

Otella felt her brain reeling under it all. But she was glad, yes, definitely glad. For the first time in her career she had shown what she could do. Before, she had only been a little dancing girl, now she had shown that she could be a great star! Again and again she had to come forward and bow.

And, suddenly, as she stood there on the stage she had the fleeting glimpse of a man's face. He was standing in the shadowed balcony, his eyes gazing down at her. The impression was only a fleeting one. But in that moment all the blood had drained from Otella's cheeks, her ears

The uncertainty tormented her. She felt it would drive her mad if it had been Boris, had he recognized her, despite the mask? She couldn't answer that question. She only knew of an awful terror lurking at her soul. Was she never to escape from that man?

She hated him. She hated him as she had never hated anyone in her life. He had ruined her whole life, he had tried to poison Robin whom she loved. She felt she hated him so intensely that she would do anything to be revenged on him.

She lay there shivering in the chair, wondering what the next minutes would bring forth. If it had been Boris, and he had recognized her, what would he do?

She was startled by a knocking on her dressing-room door. She called, "Come in!" fearfully, then almost gasped for relief. It was only Herr Hartman, smiling down at her, rubbing his fat hands together in genuine delight.

"You were wonderful, my dear, wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I have no words sufficient to praise you. Tomorrow all Vienna will ring with your fame—or rather the fame of the Mysterious Golden Girl. Too bad you should have made so much success only to add to another woman's reputation."

"I am glad," Otella said briefly. "The only thing I want in my identity known." She said it with such resolution that the manager was surprised.

"And now I have a request to make to you from a gentleman of very high standing who shall be nameless at the moment," the manager continued. "He wishes you to take supper with him tonight in one of the secluded alcoves on the balcony."

"What?" Otella had started to her feet. Her heart throbbed in her throat. Could this mean that her worst fear was justified? That Boris had recognized her and had sent for her? If the man she had glimpsed was really Boris... It was the very uncertainty that was so dreadful.

"You will not refuse?" Herr Hartman persisted. "As a personal favor to me, I beg it. I assure you that the gentleman means no nonsense, my dear. But he has a very special reason for wishing to speak to you..."

Otella's eyes were wide and staring. What should she do? On the one hand she had an impulse to flee from this cabaret, to rush back to Robin and never return here. On the other, she wanted to end this mawing doubt of uncertainty. Her life would be a constant torment unless she could be sure.

Suddenly a sharp sense of anger displaced her fear. Why should she be subjected to this abominable persecution? Why shouldn't she see Boris, if it were he, and tell him that he must stop pursuing her, that she had no intention whatsoever of returning to him. Let him have the marriage annulled and marry the Princess Esther...

Why should she be afraid to face him here in a crowded cabaret? This was different to his lonely hunting-bolow way up the hills. There, she had been powerless, but here, where she could call for help at any moment, surely there was no cause for fear?

"You will come, my dear?" She turned towards him with a new air of resolution. "Yes," she said, firmly. "I will come."

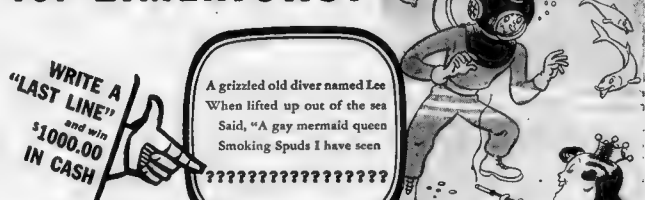
Once more she adjusted the

(Continued on Page 20)

SECOND SPUD LIMERICK CONTEST • CLOSING SEPTEMBER 17

\$3,350 IN PRIZES

for LIMERICKS!



A grizzled old diver named Lee
When lifted up out of the sea
Said, "A gay mermaid queen
Smoking Spuds I have seen
????????????????????

1006 chances to win a prize. First prize, \$1000.00.

438 additional cash prizes. And 567 cartons of Spuds.

THIS CONTEST CLOSING SEPTEMBER 17, 1935

Get out your pencils, Mr. and Mrs. John K. American. Here's a contest for your own hands. For a good old laugh, there's nothing like writing a limerick. Any one can do it. And some one's suggestion for the little "last line" is going to be awarded \$1000.00 in cash. And for those who don't win the first prize, there are 438 additional cash awards—from \$200.00 on down. And, for good measure, 567 cartons of Spuds.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
These contests are a way of getting you acquainted with Spud—America's most refreshing cigarette. We want you to discover for yourself how different clean, fresh taste is from any cigarette you've ever known.

So get a pack of Spuds, cut off the face of the package, and write on the inside of the package-face your "last line" for the limerick above (you don't have to copy the whole limerick). Sign it with your name and address and mail it so that it reaches us by Sept. 17. You can send in as many "last lines" as you have package fronts. And that's all there is to it.

PRIZES GALORE
This isn't a "long shot" contest. You have 1006 opportunities to win—for each "last line" you send in. And, remember, you can send in just as many

as you have Spud package fronts. If you send in ten "missing lines," for instance, you'll have 10,000 chances at the prizes.

But two things we can guarantee you'll win. A lot of fun out of the limericks themselves. And a brand-new experience in smoking pleasure. For Spud's not only the cigarette that invented a fresh, clean-tasting smoker's mouth, it's the cigarette whose secret formula unmasked an entirely new flavor in flavor tobacco, by adding it to taste-impregnated leaf. That's why Spud smokers say you can smoke them all around the clock—and each one will taste better than the last.

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. Any one can enter (except employees of firms or offices that are advertising Spuds).
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Bumper Crop this Summer!

25% More Oranges for Your Money!

Sunkist - Valencia



Start Now!

TWO GLASSES A DAY FOR VIGOROUS HEALTH

THIS week your dealer is celebrating the peak of California's record crop of Valencia Oranges by giving you 25% more for your money!

Never were they sweeter or juicier—never more abundant than right now. Growing conditions were ideal this season in California.

In your dealer's big display, note the *extra* special prices on a half-box or box of Sunkist Oranges.

TWO GLASSES DAILY NOW THE RULE

So start this week to drink two large glasses of fresh orange juice daily. One at breakfast, another later in the day. Include the juice of half a lemon in each for appetizing variety.

This daily amount of fresh orange and lemon juice reduced tooth decay 57% and stopped 83% of

gum troubles in a recent clinical nutrition test.

ALL FOUR PROTECTIVE ESSENTIALS

In addition, oranges supply all four of the now-known protective food essentials—vitamins A, B and C, and calcium—that help keep you youthfully vigorous.

Oranges aid digestion also, and fortify the alkaline reserve in a natural way.

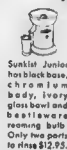
Just be sure, before you buy, that the trademark "Sunkist" is on the skin and wrapper of the fruit. Then you know your dealer's offer of 25% more for your money is a bargain too good to miss.

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Golden Mystery Girl

(Continued from Page 20)

away. The next moment she felt a hand grasping hers, with a firm pressure.

"I understand, little girl," Prince Eric's low voice said. "Since that is the case, I will not trespass on your time any longer."

He sighed. He tried to speak bravely, but he couldn't hide the disappointment and despair in his eyes.

"If you should change your mind, here is my card with my address written upon it," he told her. "As you will see I am staying under an assumed name at The Piedmont Hotel."

He pressed it into her hand, and was about to turn and leave her when Herr Hartman, the manager, rushed into the room.

His breath was coming and going in excited little gasps, his fat, puffy face was pink with excitement.

"A lot of important and distinguished people have come to the cabaret," he gasped. "Heard he came with not but one idea, and that is to see the Golden Mystery Girl dance. Already your fame has spread throughout Vienna."

Men and women are flocking into the cabaret, insisting that you dance again. Large sums are being offered. I dare not refuse them. My dear little girl, if he grasped Otelia's hand eagerly, "you must oblige me by dancing just once more, a short dance, I beg it, of you on my bended knees!"

"But I couldn't possibly dance again tonight," Otelia stammered. She was exhausted, physically and mentally. Besides, it was getting very late. Robin, if he were awake, would be wondering what had become of her.

"You must!" Herr Hartman insisted. "I shall lose much, much money if you refuse. Listen, I will double your salary, and if you dance again tonight I will release you from the further obligation of appearing here any more."

It was a tempting proposal. Besides, Herr Hartman had been kind to her in his way, and obviously this meant much to him.

"Listen," said the manager eagerly, pulling her closer to the edge of the balcony so that she could peer down on the crowded

dance floor below. "Listen to them clapping and shouting for you!"

Otelia had been so engrossed with the story that Eric had told her that she hadn't been conscious of what was going on below. But now she heard an enthusiastic clapping of hands, and the cry on many lips, "We want the Golden Girl! We want the Golden Girl!" Each moment the clapping and the calling became more insistent. Brenda, her exhausted state Otelia couldn't help a thrill of pride run through her.

Suddenly she stiffened, raised her head in the air. "Yes! I do it! Just one more dance," she said.

The manager wrung her hands gratefully and rushed down to tell the clamorous audience that the Golden Girl would make another appearance in a few minutes time. Otelia, standing there in the balcony, heard him make the announcement. She heard also the tumultuous applause that followed his speech.

A faint flush rose to her cheeks. It was good to her artist's soul to witness their delight!

All this while Prince Eric had been standing in the background. Now he stepped forward. "I congratulate you on your courage, my dear," he said. "For I see by your face how tired you are. May I not give you a glass of champagne before you appear?"

As he spoke he poured the foaming liquid out of the bottle into a silver bucket in a silver bucket of ice, into a glass and handed it to her. Otelia took it gratefully. This might help her to go through with the dance.

"It is kind of you, Prince Eric," she said. He put his finger to his lips. "Hush!" he said. "You mustn't call me that here. Even the walls have ears."

Otelia drank the champagne at a gulp. It did seem to revive her. "I must go below to my dressing room," she murmured. She held out her hand. "Only wish I could help you. But I wish you success from the bottom of my heart."

He took her hand and bending low over it, kissed it. Otelia felt her heart overflow with pity for him.

CHAPTER XVI.

My Son!

SOME minutes later she stood, flushed and trembling, in the wings waiting to appear on the stage. Somehow this second dance of hers seemed a worse ordeal than the first. Then she had been untired. Now, it was obvious from the instant applause that the audience expected much of her. Terrible to fail after she had created such a good precedent!

A low rumbling of the orchestra, and she ran onto the stage. The applause was staggering. Men and women sprang up and shouted, "Bravo, Golden Girl!" As before, the orange spotlight came down from the ceiling and surrounded her in a circle of gold.

Desperation made Otelia dance magnificently. She drifted about the stage light as a bit of twilight. It was at the conclusion while she was twirling in a final mad abandon, that she heard a commotion in the doorway. Excited shouting, as though someone were trying to gain admittance, and the doorman were trying to keep him out.

The orchestra played louder, as though to drown the noise. But the next instant the huge gilt doors at the end of the dance floor were thrust dramatically open—a man staggered in to the room. Otelia stopped in the midst of a spin, she stumbled and recovered herself with difficulty.

For it was Robin who stood there, gazing wildly about him. Robin, in an old ragged suit, his face white—ghastly Robin's eyes searching everywhere for her!

The shock of his sudden appearance made Otelia's brain reel. She felt as though she were about to collapse there on the stage before the eyes of hundreds of people. With all her supreme effort she finished the dance, sank on her knees for the final bow.

But each moment she was conscious of Robin's staring eyes upon her. Had he recognized her, despite the golden mask? Did he realize that she had disobeyed him and what would he do? Why had he left his sick bed? What stream of this might easily kill him!

But it was some seconds before Robin's dazed eyes associated the glimmering, shining golden figure dancing on the stage with Otelia. All this evening he had been in a fever of impatience for her to reappear. As time passed and she didn't return he was tormented by the thought that something had happened to her. Why had he allowed her to go alone, and to such a public place as the Blue Cabaret? How could he have let her go? He was struggling in their grasp, trying to help her.

Suddenly he had felt he couldn't be inactive in bed any longer. He must go down and find Otelia whatever it cost him. He managed to pull himself out of bed, struggle into some clothes.

But when he arrived at the cabaret they refused to let him in. They eyed him suspiciously. He had not been shaved for days. They took him for a tramp. The doorman told him firmly that it was a rule that only gentlemen in evening clothes were admitted to the cabaret.

But Robin, in a sudden fit of desperation had forced his way through the imposing gilt doors.

At first he had stared blindly around him. His eyes were dazzled by the brilliant spotlight which he had seen shining on the cabaret. But Robin, in a sudden fit of desperation had forced his way through the imposing gilt doors.

Even though she wore a mask he knew her at once. A mask is no mask to the eyes of a lover. What matter though her face were covered, he knew her by the supple grace of her movements, by the sweet slender lines of her body, by the mop of mad golden hair that blazed like a torch in the orange spotlight.

It was first bewildering shock of recognition he scarcely knew what he was doing. He cried "Otelia!" and staggered towards her. But the strain of it all proved too much for his feeble strength. Before he had reached her he fell in a dead faint in the middle of the dance floor.

Immediately there was commotion. Otelia had heard his fall. But the strain of it all proved too much for his feeble strength. Before he had reached her he fell in a dead faint in the middle of the dance floor.

man she loved she ran towards him.

What did she care what people thought with Robin here? Here in a second on the floor? Attendants had also rushed forward.

They found him lying face down. They found him lying face down. They found him lying face down. They found him lying face down.

My son—the old man cried piteously. "Where are you taking my son?"

Otelia started back and stared at him as though he thought he had taken leave of his senses. The old people in his cabaret Robin his son! And in that moment she recognized him.

It was the man-looking old gentleman who had so kindly paid her bill in the restaurant. At him was the same beautiful, hard-looking girl she had heard him call "Otelia!"

"I was having him taken to my dressing room," she said in a low, hoarse voice. "She felt that of all the strange happenings of the night this was surely the strangest."

"Of course he won't be taken anywhere of the kind!" It was the voice of the red-haired girl speaking. "This young man is Mr. Owen Westover's son!" she added in strident tones to the attendants.

Carry him across the road to Mr. Westover's hotel immediately.

How could she explain to these people all that Robin meant to her—what she meant to him?

And while she was thus, trembling, wondering, they carried him away.

(Continued on Page 22)



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Says GUSTAVE KULANDER, DUBUQUE, IOWA

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"It's easy to prove that my big, new Dodge costs less to own than a small car," Mr. Kulander explains. "It saves enough on gas, oil and upkeep to quickly make up the slight difference in price. My Dodge gives me 20 1/2 miles per gallon."

From Sunnyside, N. Y., C. C. Slade writes: "Dodge costs \$1.40 a week less to run, yet sells for only \$1.35 a week more than a small car. I paid only \$70.20 more for my Dodge than I would have had to pay for the small, competitive car I was considering buying. I have figured, very carefully, that my Dodge saves enough on gasoline, oil and upkeep to more than make up the \$70.20 difference in price the very first year I drive it."

It's the same everywhere. Wherever motorists gather the talk turns to Dodge and the astounding economy of this big, comfortable car. Dodge owners tell how they get 18-20-22 and even more miles per gallon. They say that the big, new Dodge actually costs less to own than small cars of competitive makes.

"Airline Ride"

This sensational low cost operation is only one of the advantages engineered into the New-Value Dodge. The Dodge "Airline Ride" lets you skim over rough roads in comfort. Synchronic driving control makes motoring easy and almost effortless... patented Floating Power engine mounts smother engine vibrations... genuine hydraulic brakes and Dodge all-steel body provide the utmost in safety.

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SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE DODGE MORE RESTFUL

Dr. Andrew H. Ryan, well-known authority in the field of physiological and psychological research, has just completed extensive tests on the new Dodge. The purpose of the tests was to determine the relative ease of driving. The purpose of the tests was to determine the relative ease of driving. The purpose of the tests was to determine the relative ease of driving.

One of the several tests used by Dr. Ryan was this: (1) On a Rural Road, a Dodge was driven for 100 miles at 40 m.p.h. and after driving. Drivers were found to be less fatigued than after driving other cars all day than after driving other cars.

Hand-Eye Coordination—another fatigue test

measures the driver's ability to coordinate hand and eye movements with accuracy. In this test, a Dodge was driven for 100 miles at 40 m.p.h. and after driving. Drivers were found to be less fatigued than after driving other cars all day than after driving other cars.

Visual Acuity Test—another one of the scientific tests to measure

fatigue. In this test, a Dodge was driven for 100 miles at 40 m.p.h. and after driving. Drivers were found to be less fatigued than after driving other cars all day than after driving other cars.



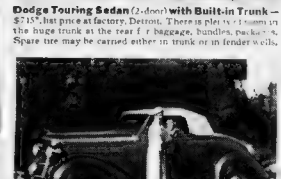
Smart as Tomorrow—New-Value Dodge Sedan 12 door now only \$645! Touring Sedan (4 door with built-in trunk as illustrated) now only \$700!



Dodge Coupe—\$645! Hot price at factory, Detroit. This new model carries a special appeal—impartments in rear and is ideal for business use or as a woman's personal car.



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ried Robin away from her! They had taken away everything she loved and wanted in the world! You mustn't think that," she told herself. "By tomorrow I will have regained consciousness and I will be asking for you."

This thought lulled her somewhat as she went back to her dressing room. Her head throbbed, her eyes ached with tears she wouldn't let fall. She must be brave, be sensible. After all she hadn't lost Robin. Nonsense to think that. In the morning he would surely send for her.

Orelia tried to comfort herself with this thought as she moved her way back to the living room. How cheerful was that place without Robin there to welcome her home! Oh, why had she ever desolved him by consenting to dance! If she hadn't she would never have left his side.

Yet, wasn't that a selfish thought? She ought to be thinking of Robin as once more united with

his father. She knew how she thought that his father had disowned him but that Robin in the past. Now everything would be all right!

But at the back of her mind there was the disturbing image of that tall lovely girl. What had she to do with it, and who was she? Delia! Didn't she hear that name before?

Then she remembered and the memory sent a cold pain clutching at her heart. It was the name that Robin had muttered constantly in his delirium. Delia! What had this tall beautiful girl been to him?

She spent a wretched night. Even when she slept, she had violent disturbing nightmares. She dreamed that Robin was in trouble and calling for her. She would hear him calling through her dreams. She started up to go to him, but immediately she was conscious of hands holding her back. She glanced up to see who it was and found herself confronted by the cruel menacing leer of Josef.

"Go to get him," he sneered at her.

You have lost him forever!"

No, no," she cried in despair. "I love him. No one can take him away from me!" Then from out of the shadows another form appeared. A tall red-haired girl she smiled down at Orelia with twisted mocking lips. "You are wrong," she said slowly. "I can take him away from you. He loved me before. He shall love me again."

Orelia awoke in a sweat of terror. She gasped with relief when she found that she had only been dreaming. But it had been so horribly realistic that she felt herself trembling still. Thank heaven the sun was shining outside. As she sprang out of bed she tried to reassure herself that Robin would send for her that day.

By the clock on the mantelshelf she saw that she had slept late. It was nearly eleven o'clock. As she dressed she tried to hum a gay tune to herself to keep up her spirits. She was just about to put a kettle on to boil to make herself a cup of coffee when her mirror reflected a knock at her door. "Visitors for you," came Frau Schwartz's voice. "I hat tell dem to wait in de cozier room."

Orelia felt her heart leap in her throat. Could Robin have sent for her already? That must be it. Who else would be wanting to see her? She felt almost light-hearted as she ran a comb quickly through her hair and went into the other room. A man and a girl rose as she entered. It was Mr. Westover and the girl whom she knew as Delia.

She smiled at them and said quickly: "How is Robin today. I do hope he is better?"

"Much better," said Mr. West-

over. Then he hesitated. "He told us where we would find you."

A happy flush rose to Orelia's pale cheeks. "I knew he would send for me immediately after he told me he never sees you again, that he comes back to New York immediately and marries me!"

The old man turned half away from her. "Well, not exactly," he began and avoided meeting her eyes.

There was a tense, uncomfortable pause. "Nothing is to be gained by not being frank with her," Delia interrupted curiously. "After all, Mr. Westover, you are not dealing with a girl whose feelings are liable to be easily hurt. A common little dancer who comes into a restaurant to pick up any man to pay for her meal who is willing to live with Robin as his wife, for her keep, no doubt."

Orelia's cheeks had gone scarlet. "Stop," she cried, "that is a lie!"

The other girl laughed scornfully. "A lie, you say? Why the lady has just told us she understood that Robin and you were husband and wife! Can you deny that?"

Orelia felt her heart turn cold to the tips of her toes. She couldn't deny it. They had told Frau Schwartz that they were married when they first arrived, otherwise they had been afraid that she wouldn't have taken them to her home.

"I admit we told her that," Orelia said slowly. "But there has never been anything more than friendship between us."

Delia stared at her with incredulous, mocking eyes. "And you expect us to believe that?" she laughed scornfully. "Nonsense, my dear, we weren't born yesterday. It is only too obvious what you are! I suppose, since you know Mr. Westover is rich you are hoping to get some money out of him by clinging on to Robin?"

Oh, but that was too much! Orelia felt herself burning with helpless, impatient rage. "I do not believe that," she turned appealingly towards Robin's father. "Ask Robin, he will tell you the truth. He will tell me and he will explain."

He cleared his throat. He looked as though he didn't much like the task that confronted him. "I'm afraid we all think it wiser that you should not see Robin again..." he began.

"Robin himself does not wish to see you," Delia cut in sharply. "He has sent us here to make that plain to you. And in case you kicked up any fuss he told us to offer you—money!"

Orelia recoiled back as though she had been struck. She was deadly white. "I don't believe you," she said faintly. "I will never believe you, not until Robin tells me that with his own lips!"

"I'm afraid you will have to take our word for it since we are taking Robin back to New York immediately," Delia said pointedly. "If you insist upon clinging

on to him you will ruin his life."

How do you mean—ruin his life?" Orelia asked, presently, after a long, agonizing pause.

"The only condition upon which his father will take him back is that he never sees you again, that he comes back to New York immediately and marries me!"

Orelia looked towards the old man. "Is that true?" she gasped.

He averred his eyes. "My son has done that and after great wrong," he replied, indicating Delia. "They were to have been married in fact it was my son's duty to marry her since he was the cause of her husband's divorcing her. But, just before the ceremony, believing a scandalous story that was absolutely untrue and without giving her a chance to explain, he sailed for Europe. Delia is ready to forgive him. If he will marry her and so atone for the great injustice he did her, I am prepared to take him back and after my will which is now made out in favor of his cousin."

Despite his kindly looks there was hard resolution in the old man's words. Orelia felt desperate, as though everything were against her. If she didn't give up Robin he would be robbed of the family estate which meant so much to him. But how could she give him up to another woman when she loved him so? Yet she couldn't marry him herself. She wasn't free. Oh dear, her head spun with it all. Would it be kinder to Robin to give him up? Did he want her to give him up?

Then came a thought which robbed her of all her powers of resistance. "If he didn't agree with what they said would he have sent them to me? Wouldn't he have made some effort to see me himself?"

And—here was another thought that made her heart feel heavy in her breast—had he once been in love with Delia? Had his old love for her revived when he saw her again?

Orelia felt her head splitting with the burden of these thoughts. Perhaps it would be better for Robin if she would have sent them to me? Wouldn't he have made some effort to see me himself?

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it out laterally. It was a check for five thousand dollars!

In a sudden fit of hopeless rage she tore it up and let it fall on the floor. "Oh, how could they! she sobbed. "How could they imagine that all the money in the world could make up for the loss of Robin's love!"

Presently she grew calmer. She moved into the bedroom. What was she to do? What did life hold for her now that she had lost Robin? Life seemed a blank, useless.

As she stood there leaning against the dressing-table her eyes lighted suddenly on a crumpled piece of paper. It was the address Prince Eric had given her the night before. Poor, unhappy Prince! He loved too. He had begged her to help him. Suddenly she snatched the paper and opened it. "Herr Claude," she read. "Friedrich Hotel!"

She stood there for many moments staring at the address. Life was finished for her, but it still might be in her power to help others. She might be able to avert the catastrophe of Boris marrying the Princess whom Eric loved. With quick resolution she brushed the tears out of her eyes, and picked up her hat.

Yes, there was still something for her to do. She could try and outwit Boris in his endeavor to make another girl suffer the fate that she had suffered. She would go to Prince Eric and tell him that she was prepared to start for Lavinia at once!

CHAPTER XVII.
"I WILL GO!"

HALF an hour later a white-faced, but determined Delia was asking for Herr Claude at the Friedrich Hotel, Prince Eric, or Herr Claude as he was called in Vienna, had her sent up to his private sitting room immediately.

He grasped her hands eagerly as she appeared, gazed down anxiously into her eyes. "You have decided to do it?" he asked quickly. "You will go to Lavinia and work for me there?"

"Yes, Prince Eric," Orelia said slowly. "I am ready to start whenever you wish."

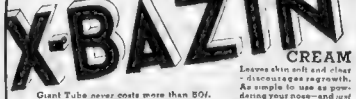
"Oh, thank heaven!" It was a fervent, heartfelt exclamation that was wrung from the young man's lips. Orelia saw tears of relief, of gratitude, glistening in his eyes. "You do not know what tragedies you may now be able to avert! I will see Herr Hartman, the manager of the Blue Room, and he will arrange for you, as the famous Golden Mystery Dancer to appear at the Scarlet Cabaret, the most famous in Vienna. That will be a sensation, but it is not that which interests me."

"You must seek out the Princess Esther, tell her that I am here, that, on no account must she go through with this hideous marriage to Boris. . . . You will see her for me, won't you? Assure her that I love her, that

(Continued from Page 2)

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WHO'S AFRAID OF A BIG BAD CORN?

"Not I," said Brave Blue-Jay, as he set about

to rescue the beautiful lady in distress

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EXPLANATIONS BY ELMER

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EXPLANATIONS BY ELMER

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

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By Louis Arthur Cunningham

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The Girl Men Talked About by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 22)

I think of her every moment of the day, the night. . . .
His voice broke suddenly. Otelia felt her heart ache for him. She too knew what it was to love desperately, to be parted from the loved one. . . .

That same afternoon she caught the train for Lavinia. She sat in a corner of a luxurious Pullman coach, in a smart gray traveling suit, edged with silver-painted leather, with a thick gray veil over her face. Eric had assured her that the manager of the Scarlet Cabaret would not be surprised to find her veiled when he met her train, since it was a publicity stunt of the Golden Girl that no one should see her features.

Otelia thanked heaven for that. Otherwise she knew she would never have been free from the fear of recognition. At the mere thought of Boris a cold shiver of dread ran through her slight body. . . .

It was a great risk that she

was taking. Every moment she spent in Lavinia would be fraught with peril. But since she was helping the gallant Prince Eric to avert the tragedy of Boris marrying the Princess she was prepared to take the risk. She was glad to.

Nevertheless as the swift moving Orient Express drew her nearer and nearer to Lavinia Otelia felt decidedly apprehensive.

She became obsessed by the idea that she was being watched. It was a creepy, unpleasant sensation.

She tried to tell herself that it was nonsense. In the compartment with her there was only a fat old German lady and an old bent man with spectacles and a long beard who sat, most of the time, buried behind a German newspaper.

Yet occasionally Otelia was distinctly conscious of his eyes upon her, there was something vaguely familiar about their cold piercing gaze. But this must be her imagination. She was sure

that she had never seen the old gentleman before.

There was a full moon tonight. They were passing through a forest, great trees stretched long branches skywards to catch the silver moonlight. It was very beautiful. She sighed. If only Robin had been with her. . . . Robin, Robin. . . . why must she think of him eternally? Why couldn't she forget him. . . .

But the thought of him with Dilia was torture to her. The mere idea of Robin holding that girl in his arms, as once he had held her, was agony. Great tears welled from her eyes, falling down her cheeks. . . . Would she ever be happy again, would she ever be able to cease regretting. . . .

"Madame has dropped her bag, I think?"

The guttural voice of the old German broke in upon her thoughts.

Otelia started, frightened, at the sound of it. It awoke some chord in her memory. . . . There was a certain intonation in that

voice which she had heard before. . . . But where? She wracked her brains helplessly.

She stammered her thanks and took up the handbag that had slipped off her lap.

The man regarded her silently for a moment, then: "Madame is going to Lavinia?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Otelia. She spoke shortly, because she didn't wish to be drawn into conversation with him, or with anyone. She looked away from him, out of the window again, but she heard

him mutter, "That is well."

A slight shiver ran through her. Intuitively she felt there was something sinister about that old man. Nothing she could definitely put her finger upon, but a subconscious feeling that grew as she sat there. If only she could remember of whom he reminded her, where she had seen him. . . .

But she couldn't, try as she would, and late that night the train drew into Gracia, the capital of the small independent kingdom of Lavinia.

In the hurry and bustle of getting off the train she forgot the old man and her vague fears about him completely.

Unfortunately for her she didn't even notice that he waited until she had got off the train, then stepped off quickly after her. That from a safe distance he watched her being greeted by the manager of the Scarlet Cabaret before that gentleman took her to the room he had reserved for her at the Grand Hotel.

Directly Otelia had disap-

peared from sight the bent old man straightened himself. He put the thick-lensed glasses away in his pocket and ripped off the long beard that had covered the lower half of his face. Otelia would have recognized him now.

It was Josef.

He smiled to himself as he walked at a safe distance after her along the railway station platform.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.
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Around the World on \$1.50

(Continued from Double Page)

the world without benefit of money. Now and then he would stop me to ask questions about conditions in Africa, but I could see from his questions that he knew much more about most of the places I'd been than I did. As we chatted he turned one of my cards over and over in his powerful hands and, to my surprise, opened a drawer of his great desk and counted out 100 lire.

"This," he said, rising to indicate that he had no more time for an alien wanderer, "may help you get over a rough spot sometime. I hope you find Italy a good place and I wish you luck." As I tried to stammer my thanks, my hand was sequestered in another grip of iron and a secretary appeared to show me out. But even with the blessing of it I Duce I had my troubles in Italy; not in Rome but in Venice.

There the efficient and alert police objected to my selling cards and clapped me in jail, where I stayed for almost a week until I had answered thousands of questions concerning my origin, my political beliefs and my reason for being in that particular spot at that particular time. It became apparent that the arrest for the peddling of cards was only an excuse to find out whether I was an alien agitator and a menace to the Black Shirt regime.

A free man again, I lost little time in making myself scarce in Italy and wiggled the thumb at motor cars until I rolled into Vienna, the City of Beautiful Women and of romantic waltz music. The Viennese were almost as hospitable as the people of the Canary Islands and the police didn't give a hoot where I sold cards. In fact, I once sold a card to a copper from whom I asked directions.

It was during my stay here that a newspaper man whom I chanced to meet in a cafe wrote the first piece of publicity that eventually made me famous—or perhaps notorious in a better word—all over Europe as the King of Stowaways.

In two or three days I could have made my way back to my native village and my relatives, but I wanted to have more of a story to tell before I showed up, like the prodigal son, to beg my father's forgiveness. I had, despite my almost three years of travel and experience, seen only a little of the world.

So I turned my steps south again and wandered down into Yugoslavia and from the port of Dubrovnik paid the small fare on a steamer running to the port of Brindisi, set smack on the heel of the great boat that is Italy on the geography maps.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.



Lips and Finger Tips Must Match

THERE'S no longer any excuse for going around with clashing lips and finger tips! Cutex now offers a complete set of Cutex Lipsticks to match and tone in with their nail polishes.

And you'll find the new Cutex Lipstick is a great value—creamy but not greasy, goes on as smoothly as Cutex Liquid Polish, is beautifully permanent—and only half the usual price! Start today to match up your lips and fingernails. The new Cutex Lipstick is only 50¢ a stick.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



CUTEX LIPSTICK AND NAIL POLISH

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc., Dept. AA-7, 191 Hudson St., New York, (In Canada, P. O. Box 2528, Montreal.)
Exquisite 10¢ for Cutex Set with one shade of polish, and sample of Lipstick, or checked: Natural ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby ☐

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____

When your car knocks in summer..don't blame the car



KNOCK! My new car ran smoothly until hot weather came along. Then it began to knock, and I had to fall back into second on hills I formerly had taken in high. It became so annoying that I finally took my car back to the dealer to find out what was wrong with the engine. . . .



KICK! When the dealer's service manager heard my kick, he said: "Don't blame the engine; blame the gas. Gasoline is more apt to knock in summer, especially in the new high compression cars. I could stop that knock by retarding the spark, but you'd have less power. . . ."



ALWAYS LOOK! Only gasoline sold from pumps bearing the Ethyl trademark on globe or body contains sufficient Ethyl fluid to bring out the full performance of modern high-compression cars.



CHANGE TO ETHYL!

CURE! He took me to the Ethyl pump. "Here's the cure," he said. "Keep your spark at full advance and change to Ethyl. It not only keeps out harmful knock on the hottest days, but it brings out the full power of your high compression engine. It will keep your car running cooler, too. . . ."

3 FACTS you should know about gasoline:

1. Pumps marked Ethyl contain the **coolest** fuel for summer use. The Ethyl fluid prevents harmful knock, which is more prevalent in summer. Thus, more of the potential energy of each gallon of gasoline is transformed into engine power and less sent as waste heat to the cooling system, already battling high outside temperatures.

2. Ethyl fluid is needed to develop full performance by modern high compression cars every season of the year. It makes older cars, too, run better as carbon and mileage accumu-

late. That is why approximately 95% of all premium gasoline sold in the United States and Canada now contains Ethyl fluid.

3. Sufficient Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) is used to produce the highest anti-knock rating by the official test methods of the oil and automotive industries. The all-round quality of motor fuel so treated is protected by double inspection at the refinery and at the pump.

To get all the power and pleasure from your car investment, **NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!**

CURED! What a difference Ethyl makes! Not only on hills but under all driving conditions! My car's so lively and responsive that I get a real thrill out of driving. If you want to get all the pleasure from your car investment, take my advice—change to Ethyl!

Tomato Time Yields Harvest of Tempting Recipes

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

A HUNDRED years ago the red, pretty, ball-like "fruits" of that old tropical plant, the tomato, were grown under glass and the curiosity of the conservatory. Fifty years later these same ruby fruits were called "dangerous apples" and held to be a dangerous poison.

Twenty-five years ago even food experts urged the chief for color and garnish but today experts place the tomato near the head of those plants which furnish generous supplies of the still mysterious vitamin values, while children less than three years old are given its juice as food.

In some climates still, as in England and in Holland, the tomato plant is grown in a large pot, under hot-house glass, and its fruits remain small, like a red plum. It takes heat with a big H to bring on the tomato crop, and that is why Italy, California, and several Southern States grow bumper crops—as do the Northern States, too, right now in this good old month of August.

Today no less than one-half billion acres are planted to tomato crops. 18 million bushels of fresh tomatoes came to market in 1934, and it looks now as if 1935 would pass that big figure. Of that entire output some 1½ million tons went into canning factories to emerge in convenient cans on the housewife's pantry shelf.

Every family food budget calls for tomatoes because this tropical, but now native, plant is an excellent source of Vitamin A, a fair source of Vitamin B, and a generous source of the important Vitamin C.

It has been estimated by certain experts that a minimum of 10 pounds of tomatoes per year should be provided for use by every person old or young, rich or poor. A liberal tomato diet would include from 75 to 120 pounds, depending on the activity, age and other conditions of the person taking it.

It is interesting to note that in the time this famous diet furnished the quintuplets who have so marvelously passed their first year, tomato juice is generously included.

A last scientific comment before passing on to the practical use of this popular fruit may not be amiss: tomato juice is something which should be taken at repeated intervals even if in small amounts, because the Vitamin C which it contains does not stay by you—there must be a continuous supply.

That gives enough basis for the tomato juice cocktail, the tomato cup, jelly, and sauces which are so delicious and refreshing, with tang and tonic qualities to whatever foods they are a combination or accessory.

Like the eggplant, and also like the asparagus, the artichoke and many other of our modern fruits and vegetables, the tomato had its genesis along the shores of the Mediterranean. That is why tomato cookery has been well done and understood by the semi-oriental countries such as Armenia, Turkey, the Greeks, etc.

And just like the eggplant, the tomato moved up and along to Provence, that most southerly of French provinces, and there, as a noted French chef remarks in his book: "but when one visited the Provencal people living along the coast, it—the tomato—was used at every meal and one was habitually accustomed to see it."

This is interesting, because it is from the French chiefly that we have copied or improvised recipes for "tomato sauce." It is from them that we have borrowed the original recipe for stuffed tomato (tomatoes farcies) and greatly overworked the idea in far too many kinds of tomato surpluses.

Tomato salads, on the other hand, come from still more truly tropical countries, and we can learn much from the way this vegetable is used in Spain and in Italy.

However, the original idea of using the tomato cup or scooped-out shell as a container for other finely minced ingredients, was never more reasonable than now when corn, peppers, and other vegetables are so plentiful. Such a stuffed tomato, when baked in gratin, with cheese, which of course enriches the dish as a protein value, becomes a very good general purpose dish for the hot noon or evening meal.

To make these shells, do not remove all the inner pulp, do not remove too large a top slice, or the shell will crack down and allow too much of the filling to escape. Again, if set on a rack to raise them from the bottom of the pan they bake less watery and mushy than if allowed to cook in their own escaping juices. Last, do not overcook—the filling is usually edible before cooking.

Bacon strips, a morsel of ham, a sliver of cooked tongue, these give a delicious smoked flavor to

all fillings in which bread crumbs, corn scraped from the cob, or minced peppers are ingredients. Sliced tomatoes combined with hard cooked eggs, in a cream sauce, and treated to a quick blazer or an grain browning is an excellent substantial dish for a hot luncheon. Tomato sections cut like orange sections, then rolled in batter or eggs and fried, is a variation of the usual fried tomato dish.

This, by the way, is a man's dish for breakfast—creamed fried tomatoes with slivers of ham—and a large cup of coffee, please! Any kind of tomato, even the green tomato may be pan fried and then served in a rich cream sauce, with bacon or ham as the accessory flavor.

Tomato jelly or aspic should be again recalled by the menu-planner who wishes to add coolness and color to any meal. Either fresh tomatoes, canned tomatoes, or tomato soup or tomato juice may be used for such jelly. Season highly, thicken with gelatin, strain always through, a very fine sieve, and chill. When set in squares or other fancy forms, this thin aspic makes a gay garnish for the Summer meat platter.

Chicken, shrimp, or even cooked and skinned frankfurters may be added to such a tomato jelly, to make it a real substantial dish, especially refreshing when served in a bed of lettuce and given a star of mayonnaise. Jelly-tomato bouillon is a variation of aspic, not so thick, and more clear in color. Serve in a cup, break the jelly with a fork, and add a couple of saltines and an olive on the saucer. It should be supremely chic.

If we started to speak of sauces, flavored and made from the tomato, we should have to write an entire volume! Sauces for spaghetti or noodles, ravioli, sauces for chicken and veal and ham, sauces for fish, for other vegetables such as fried eggplant—sauces without number!

In this connection, if the housewife does not always wish to boil down her own sauce (but by far the best method, of course) she may buy concentrated tomato sauces which will give her rich flavor but not any grain. Tomato soup is an excellent seasoned sauce ingredient also, as is the tomato juice sold for cocktails. While at the moment the fresh crop is so plentiful that one may not stop and think of the barren Winter just around the corner—without question the top grade, for standards of color, size of pieces, and the proportion of juices to solids.

To rate Grade A, a can must have 82½% of the contents

"solid." That is, drained tomato meat or pulp. Grades B and C are of course lower than this. But remember that if you are looking for food value, and not solely appearance, that Grades B and C have as much nutritive value as has Grade A.

What's what in a fresh tomato? If you have to buy yours, here are the suggestions of an expert, who tells you: To test a tomato for maturity, (if you can't tell by your eye, which you should cut across the fruit with a sharp knife. If the knife cuts through the seeds, the tomato is not ripe, and the chances are it will never have the right color and flavor later. In a fully ripe tomato, the seeds slip past the knife as it is passed through, and are not cut. Skin smoothness is

as important in tomatoes as in peaches and the smoother the skin, the better the product. Bruises, puffiness, blemishes, and scars are the things to watch for! Here are some French suggestions for the all popular baked stuffed tomato—the tomato grill, as we should call it:

Tomatoes Stuffed with Filling: Fill with minced cooked ham, and sprinkle thickly with Parmesan cheese.

A substantial casserole dish is made with cooked hard eggs and sliced tomatoes, sprinkled with grated cheese, and then browned in the oven. Another is made from sliced tomatoes and pickled-over canned salmon or tuna, also in a cream sauce. Many variations of this au gratin dish will occur to every housewife.

Tomatoes Stuffed with Sausage: Use skinned frankfurters, make the meat and combine with crumbs, seasoning with minced onion.

Tomatoes with Chicken and Mushrooms: Make the stuffing of minced cooked chicken and mushrooms which have been cooked, then cut fine. Bind with chicken gravy. Bake as usual.

Tomatoes Stuffed with Ham: Fill with minced cooked ham, and sprinkle thickly with Parmesan cheese.

Tomatoes Stuffed with Eggplant: Make stuffing of cooked rice and minced cooked lamb, seasoned with parsley and paprika.

Tomatoes Stuffed with Sausage: Use skinned frankfurters, make the meat and combine with crumbs, seasoning with minced onion.

Tomato salads or those in which tomatoes are active ingredients are so numerous that it seems not worth while to begin—since one can never finish!

In the French or Italian salad the tomato is more likely to be cut into wedge-shaped sections than in slices, as with us. This form of cutting permits each segment to be tossed in the dressing, and not eaten separately, as it is when three rings are laid on a plate.

Fresh Tomato Juice Cocktail: 2 cups fresh tomato juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon each finely cut tarragon, basil and chives leaves, grains cayenne or paprika. Blend and stand one hour to season. Pour over shaved ice. Serves 4.

Farmers' Parsley Soup: 2 cups milk, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 medium onion minced. Melt butter, add flour and salt, the liquids and onion. Simmer 1 hour. Add 1½ cups cream milk with yolks of 2 eggs. Cook until thickened. Strain. Just before serving add ½ cup finely minced parsley. Stir and serve at once with croutons fried in bacon drippings. Serves 2 generously.

Fresh Mint Cocktail: 4 tablespoons finely cut fresh mint leaves, 2 tablespoons thick sugar syrup, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon pineapple juice, 1 pint bottle extra dry

ginger ale. Blend leaves, syrup and pinch of salt in a bowl and let stand, covered, for one hour. Strain into shaker, add ginger ale, shake and pour into glasses. To flavor cold drinks, wrap the herbs in a piece of cheesecloth and bruise them in the cloth, then steep the cloth in hot or boiling liquid.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Shredded Apples, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Luncheon Orange Juice, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Luncheon Fruit, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Luncheon Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Luncheon Shredded Apples, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Luncheon Fruit, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Luncheon Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.
Dinner Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Dinner Orange Juice, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Dinner Fruit, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Dinner Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Dinner Shredded Apples, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Dinner Fruit, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Dinner Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.

MANDY, THE "HANGER"

AND WHY SHE HAD TO SCRUB AND SCRUB TO GET CLOTHES WHITE

OM DEAR, WE'RE NEXT!

SHE'LL MANGLE US TO DEATH ON THAT OLD WASHBOARD.

SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB!

HELP! HELP!

HONEY, JUST LOOK AT THIS NEW SHIRT—ALL FRAYED AT THE COLLAR ALREADY!

GODNESS! I'VE TOLD MANDY A DOZEN TIMES NOT TO SCRUB SO HARD.

MANDY, YOU MUST STOP THAT! HARD SCRUBBING! THE CLOTHES ARE ALMOST IN SHREDS!

IF I DON'T SCRUB THEM JUST NOW, GEE, WHITE, MINE, GEE!

NEXT WASHDAY

WHAT! YOU SAY YOU DON'T SCRUB AND BOIL CLOTHES?

OF COURSE NOT—THAT'S POSITIVELY OLD-FASHIONED.

OH, I'VE HEARD ABOUT THOSE "NO-SCRUB" GRANULATED SOAPS. BUT THEY MUST BE TERRIBLY STRONG IF THEY WORK WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING.

NOT THIS ONE—IT'S A NEW KIND CALLED OXYDOL—MADE BY THE IVORY SOAP PEOPLE. ABSOLUTELY SAFE—YET IT SOAKS OUT DIRT IN 15 MINUTES.

IS 15 MINUTES LATER?

IT'S WONDERFUL! JUST 15 MINUTES' SOAKING AND THESE SHEETS ARE LOVELY WHITE.

AND LOOK! HERE IT SHOWS WHY OXYDOL! NO SCRUBBING, NO BOILING, LAST TIME AS LONG.

TESTS SHOW HOW USUAL "CLOTHES CLEAN WITHOUT OXYDOL" GETS CLOTHES CLEAN WITHOUT "USUAL" ACTION.

1. Photomicrograph of brand-new sheet and 15 minutes washed with Oxydol. Note how many dirt particles are being washed away. 2. Photomicrograph of brand-new sheet and 15 minutes washed with Oxydol. Note how many dirt particles are being washed away. 3. Photomicrograph of brand-new sheet and 15 minutes washed with Oxydol. Note how many dirt particles are being washed away.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

HERE'S THE SECRET—HOW 15 MINUTES' SOAKING DOES THE TRICK!

Gets White Clothes 4 to 5 Shades Whiter Than Other Soaps. Makes Clothes Last Twice as Long

THERE is no longer need to scrub your clothes to pieces to get them white. Today millions are quitting old-fashioned soap, chips, and flakes, for this amazing new invention. Oxydol is an utterly new kind of laundry soap, perfected by the makers of gentle Ivory. It is the result of a patented process which makes mild, gentle soap much faster active—2 to 4 times whiter washing. Just 15 minutes' soaking to the tufuf... no scrubbing, no boiling... and your white things come so white it will amaze you.

Yet Oxydol works with utter safety to your clothes and hands. Even shereest cotton prints, soaked for 25 hours through 10 consecutive washings, come out brilliant, fresh, and like new!

With Oxydol, you get thick 3-inch soap instantly—even in hardest water. Suds that go to work on grease, dirt, and stains, 3 to 5 times faster than less modern soaps.

Oxydol is economical, too. One package often does twice the work—gives twice the suds—lasts twice as long as old-fashioned bars, flakes, or chips.

No wonder women everywhere are switching to this marvelous new laundry soap, and discarding washboards forever!

Accept FREE Trial

Send your name and address to Procter & Gamble, Dept. H, Box 608, Cincinnati, Ohio, and we'll see you get a regular size package absolutely free. To avoid delay—get OXYDOL today from your own dealer.

THE NEW NO-SCRUB NO-BOIL LAUNDRY SOAP THAT'S Really Safe

Multiplies 500 TIMES IN SUDS

**ABSOLUTE DEADLINE ON THIS SENSATIONAL OFFER
MIDNIGHT, SEPTEMBER 1!**

ACCEPT THIS \$1.50 HAND-CUT

Rock Crystal Compote

WITH SILVER-PLATED BASE

FOR ONLY 25¢

And a sales slip from your grocer showing the purchase of 2 packages of **WHEATIES**

VALUE CERTIFIED • SATISFACTION GUARANTEED • SENT POSTPAID

**Offer Made Solely To
Induce You To Try This
New-Tasting Whole Wheat
Cereal That Children Love**

\$1.50 CERTIFIED VALUE

Thorough investigations were made regarding the retail value of this Rock Crystal Compote, by the New York and Buffalo Audit Company of Buffalo, and also J. D. Cloud & Company, Certified Public Accountants, Cincinnati, Ohio. These two firms, after submitting the Compote to a total of 20 representative Department Stores, Jewelry Stores, China Stores and Gift Shops—in Cincinnati, Columbus, Buffalo, Dayton and Indianapolis—certified that in every case its retail value, as reported by these stores, was not less than \$1.50.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

To every person who takes advantage of this opportunity to secure the \$1.50 Rock Crystal Compote with silver-plated base—we make this guarantee: If within 10 days after you receive this beautiful Compote you are not entirely satisfied, you may return it and we will refund you the full amount of 25¢ which you sent us. If the Compote is damaged in the mail to you, we will send you another at no charge upon receipt of the written guarantee enclosed with each Compote.



Elegant's
IN THE MOOD OF ELEGANCE

GENUINE HAND-
CUT COMPOTE
SIZE 4 1/2 IN. WIDE



NOTED AUTHORITY PRAISES THIS—

Hand-cut **ROCK CRYSTAL DESIGN**

“As a designer, I have seen many patterns in Rock Crystal table appointments. But in my opinion, the Elegant Design is all the name implies. It is in splendid taste, and conforms beautifully to customs in craftsmanship, both modern and antique. It seems to me that this pattern should be very popular, due to its versatility.”

HELEN HUGHES DULANY



“No picture could do justice to this exquisite creation in hand-cut Rock Crystal. No camera could possibly catch its brilliant sparkle, its true loveliness. Only when you see it on your table will you appreciate what a fascinating appointment it really is. As Mrs. Helen Hughes Dulany says, “It is in splendid taste, and conforms beautifully to customs in craftsmanship, both modern and antique.”

Having a retail valuation of \$1.50, and bearing a money-back guarantee, it represents what is undoubtedly the most astonishing offer ever made to the American public on Rock Crystal. The Compote is fashioned from hand-cut Rock Crystal glassware, and the frame and legs are fashioned in pure silver plate. Read below how you may obtain it for only a 25¢ piece and your purchase of 2 packages of Wheaties.

TO SAVE \$1.25

**On This Lovely \$1.50 Rock Crystal Compote And—Start Your Child Eating
Big Heaping Dishfuls of Whole Wheat Mornings**

HERE'S WHAT TO DO:

Buy 2 Packages of Wheaties From Your Grocer, and Get A Sales Slip or Receipt Showing This Purchase. Then Send This Sales Slip, Together With 25¢ Piece as Directed in the Order Blank at the Right. By Return Mail (Postage Prepaid) You Will Receive One of These Exquisite Hand-Cut Rock Crystal Compotes in the Beautiful Elegant Design. Meanwhile, You Will See How This New Whole Wheat Cereal—Wheaties—Ends All Coaxing and Commanding To Get Your Child To Eat a Good Breakfast.

If you want to be one of the first women in your neighborhood to take up the vogue for hand-cut Rock Crystal, you are urged to act at once and send for this beautiful new hand-cut Rock Crystal Compote, with silver-plated base, fashioned in the famous Elegant design. For, if you act now, you save exactly \$1.25 on this beautiful Rock Crystal creation. This is, probably, the most astonishing value ever offered to the women of America. For this exquisitely smart Rock Crystal Compote is hand cut. And bears a certified value of not less than \$1.50.

Naturally, your original purchase of Wheaties represents only a fraction of the value of this beautiful Compote. But we can afford to make this offer for two reasons: First, because experience proves that once people try Wheaties, they become regular “Wheaties fans.” Second, because by vast quantity

purchases, we obtain these lovely appointments at far less than wholesale cost. Which brings them to you at an almost unbelievable saving! You'll love this sparkling Compote, but you'll love Wheaties even more! Crispy, crunchy, golden brown whole wheat flakes having all the gusto, all the allure of a French conffection. A form of whole wheat so marvelously delicious and



enticing that children revel in it like a party dish—eat it absolutely without coaxing or commanding.

Yet, Wheaties are whole wheat with all of its marvelous food-energy retained. A dish that, with plenty of milk or cream and sugar, and some kind of fruit, has become famous as a “Breakfast of Champions.” For it helps to supply so much of the food-energy a growing child needs for work and play.

In short, this new development by the millers of GOLD MEDAL “Kitchen-master” Flour is a magic transformation of a “necessary” food—whole wheat—into one that's marvelously light and tempting.

Do you wonder why this dish with plenty of milk or cream and sugar, and some kind of fruit, is called by such stars of sport as Lou Gehrig, Ellsworth Vines, Bob Olin, and many others—a “Breakfast of Champions”?

Accept Offer Today . . . Use Order Blank Here

You must act at once to obtain one of these beautiful Rock Crystal Compotes with silver-plated base, at a saving of \$1.25. Offer strictly limited. Delay in mailing order blank at right may result in your own disappointment. Get 2 packages of Wheaties from your grocer today. He says he gives you a sales slip or receipt, showing your purchase. Then send for your \$1.50 Rock Crystal Compote. Use order blank at the right.

GOLD MEDAL FOODS, INCORPORATED
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA



ON WHERE DID YOU GET THIS LOVELY HAND-CUT ROCK CRYSTAL COMPOTE? IMAGINE! IT'S VALUED AT \$1.50 ON ACRES IN THE STORES, BUT GET IT THROUGH THE WHEATIES PEOPLE FOR ONLY 25¢ AND A SALES SLIP

ORDER BLANK Must be mailed before midnight Sept. 1, 1935, when offer expires.

GOLD MEDAL FOODS, INC., Dept. AW, R-14, Minneapolis, Minn.
Customers: Enclosed please find a 25¢ piece and a sales slip, or receipt, showing my purchase of two (2) packages of Wheaties, for which you are to send me, postage prepaid, one (1) \$1.50 hand-cut Rock Crystal Compote in the beautiful Elegant Design, exactly as pictured here. I understand I may return the Compote and get my money back within 10 days after receipt, if I am not fully satisfied. Also you guarantee against breakage.

Name _____
Address at R. F. D. No. _____
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